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EDITORIAL

LONG HAUL TO DEMOCRACY

The return of the prodigal teamsters to the A.F.L.-C.I.O. fold may widen organized labor's shrinking front against government and corporate attacks, but the baggage the errant unionists haul home can hardly be welcome. Thirty years after its expulsion from the federation for succumbing to "corrupt influences," the big brotherhood is no less rotten at its bureaucratic core, no more democratic in its internal process and not a bit progressive in the policies it projects. In the name of labor solidarity, and for the mess of dues it will extract from a million or more teamster members, the federation has taken a giant step backward—and to the right—in the struggle to refashion a humane and effective union movement.

The best that can be said for reunification is that it may deflect the Reagan Administration's plans for a takeover of the teamsters by the Federal courts. There are much better ways of dealing with the truculent teamsters—in particular the method proposed by the Teamsters for a Democratic Union and other reformers for court-supervised elections within the entire international. Reagan's way smacks of Jaruzelskiism, a heavy-handed crack at union independence under the guise of social salvation. But millionaire teamster boss Jackie Presser is no Lech Walesa. An F.B.I. informant for fourteen years, he recently ran afoul of his spymasters and now faces a trial on racketeering charges.

The worst thing about the merger is that it will strengthen the most repressive, bureaucratic and anachronistic elements of American labor. The teamsters will now play a major part in picking the next federation president, in endorsing national political candidates, in forming foreign policy positions and in handling local labor militancy. Over the long haul, their baneful influence will still be strong.

STAR WARS BLOCK
I.F. Stone

'60s RECANTED
Christopher Hitchens

VIOLENCE IN COLOMBIA
Penny Lernoux

WITNESS IN HARARE
Richard Falk

AIDS: MALIGN NEGLECT
Daniel S. Greenberg

HUDSON HIGH
Arthur C. Danto

RAINBOW COALITION

THE 'NEW VOTERS' FIND THEIR VOICE

ANDREW KOPKIND

Raleigh, North Carolina

At the moment of maximum opportunity during the Senate hearings on the nomination of Robert Bork to the Supreme Court, Jesse Jackson came to call on Howell Heflin of Alabama, the lone deep-South Democrat on the Judiciary Committee and arguably the key to the entire confirmation process. Without "nays" from all or most of the conservative Democrats who customarily oppose affirmative action, sexual equality, rights of privacy and restrictions on the police—and support judges of like mind—Bork would almost certainly be seated. The Southerners would follow Heflin's lead. Heflin came out of the hearings to greet Jackson in an anteroom.

"Good morning, Reverend," the Senator said graciously, "we've been expecting you." Jackson had already been to see Heflin's Alabama colleague Richard Shelby in his office. Jackson and Heflin chatted amiably about matters on their minds: Bork and his record, Southern politics and what Heflin delicately referred to as the "feelings of the new voters" in the region. By the time Jackson left, he knew that Heflin would stand against the nomination.

Southern senators were indeed expecting Jackson that week, for it was time to cash in a stack of chips that he had collected over the course of four years in the burgeoning cities, the dusty towns and the cotton counties of the South. Beginning in the summer of 1983, Jackson set out to change the course of politics in that most resistant of regions. He convinced, cajoled and in some cases almost dragged blacks to registration desks and polling places with such

(*Continued on Page 520*)

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LETTERS.

THE C.I.A. & THE PUEBLA INSTITUTE

New York City

In the June 13 issue of *The Nation*, Alexander Cockburn's "Beat the Devil" column asserts that the Puebla Institute was "conjured into being" at a meeting of C.I.A. officers, F.D.N. [Nicaraguan Democratic Force] officials and Humberto Belli in early 1983. Cockburn cites as his source for this allegation former F.D.N. leader Edgar Chamorro, as expressed to a *Nation* intern and a Minneapolis reporter.

In order to get to the bottom of this matter, the Puebla Institute sought and finally obtained a meeting with Chamorro. It was held at the institute's Washington office on July 20. Chamorro and myself, Nina Shea of the institute and Erin Saberi of the International Center for Development Policy were present. Shea and I questioned Chamorro:

> DAVIS/SHEA: Was Humberto Belli present at an early 1983 meeting of C.I.A. and F.D.N. officers in Miami as stated in *The Nation*?
>
> CHAMORRO: No, I never said that, you'll have to talk with Mr. Cockburn.
>
> DAVIS/SHEA: But Mr. Cockburn attributes it to you.
>
> CHAMORRO: I never said it.
>
> DAVIS/SHEA: Was the Puebla Institute created at the early 1983 meeting?
>
> CHAMORRO: No, that was Belli's thing. He had a post-office box in Michigan.
>
> DAVIS/SHEA: Do you know if Mr. Belli ever met with C.I.A. case officers?
>
> CHAMORRO: No, not for sure.

After detailing what Chamorro was supposed to have said, Cockburn states: "These events were described by Randy Furst in *The Minneapolis Star and Tribune* for June 14, 1985." Not true. Furst says nothing about an early 1983 meeting at which Belli was supposedly present, nothing about Belli meeting with C.I.A. case officers and nothing about the creation of the Puebla Institute.

So much for Cockburn's "sources." On July 20, in the presence of two witnesses, Chamorro told me that he never made and does not believe the allegations about Humberto Belli and the Puebla Institute attributed to him by *The Nation*. The Puebla Institute has never sought nor entered into any arrangement at any time with the C.I.A.

We demand that *The Nation* issue a retraction of these defamatory statements and desist from repeating them. *Joseph E. Davis*
Executive Director
Puebla Institute

COCKBURN REPLIES

Key West, Fla.

Eager to exonerate the Puebla Institute from Edgar Chamorro's charge, reported twice in *The Nation*, that it has been a creature of the C.I.A., Joseph E. Davis tries valiantly to draw public attention away from the larger and unwholesome picture and direct it to a detail. He quotes some carefully edited excerpts from an encounter with Edgar Chamorro in July. Let me therefore quote from a lengthy telephone conversation I had with Chamorro on October 18, as he made preparations to return to Nicaragua. He gave permission for me to record his recollections.

> CHAMORRO: Some time in January of 1983 we [*contra* leaders] were meeting with Thomas Castillo [a C.I.A. officer] in Coral Gables. Thomas Castillo was at that time distributing work, and we said we needed to do some work with the Catholic Church because it was one of the pillars of Nicaraguan society. Thomas Castillo presented this view and we were saying that Mr. Belli would be very useful because in Nicaragua he had been an adviser to the bishops and we could help him put out a book. Thomas Castillo said this was a great idea and wanted us to bring him to Miami and pay him to do this book. So we brought Mr. Belli to Miami and encouraged him to do this book, and then Thomas Castillo told me to direct him to Woody Kempner [head of a public relations firm in Miami that Chamorro says was paid by the C.I.A.] to find a place to edit and publish the book. . . .
>
> COCKBURN: Who was Castillo?
>
> CHAMORRO: When I was a director of the *contras*, Castillo was the C.I.A. liaison between the F.D.N. and Washington. He was like a coach working with the *contra* leaders on political activities. [Later] he was identified in the Iran/*contra* hearings as C.I.A. station chief in Costa Rica.
>
> Mr. Kempner worked for seven months on this book by Belli. He got very unhappy because Belli kept adding chapters and appendixes. . . . There are a lot of appendixes that the C.I.A. gave to Belli or Belli got from Nicaragua with the C.I.A. because they were working together. . . . Castillo told me that that was important because those appendixes were documents from *La Prensa* or statements from [the Rev. Bismarck] Carballo that the C.I.A. wanted included. So I knew that the C.I.A. was working on that book. Now, in that January meeting with Castillo, Belli was not present.
>
> COCKBURN: I think that's where there was a little misunderstanding.
>
> CHAMORRO: It's silly, very small. . . . So I insisted that the F.D.N. should get the credit. . . . Thomas Castillo tells me no, we won't use F.D.N. here because we need to make it more open, less restricted, a church group. We have to give it a church name. And then he said Belli wanted this name "Puebla Institute." Belli was not present. . . . Puebla was a name that Belli thought useful to cover and not to have a publisher like F.D.N. or whatever. So he used this Puebla. At that time it was just a P.O. box. The C.I.A. thought it a good name and Belli insisted it is a good name. Now this Joe Davis was living in Michigan and both he and Belli were . . . [associated with] a fundamentalist group [later identified by Chamorro as Word of God] that runs a lot of churches in Central America. He and Belli surface again in the Puebla Institute. [Belli was the president and Joe Davis the secretary/treasurer, and the three directors were with Word of God.] Later Puebla became a human rights group with Nina Shea and they took people into the human rights group who were also here in Miami with the *contras*. . . .
>
> I want to be clear that the name Puebla was chosen by the C.I.A. because that name will cover for the origin of the funds. . . . [Belli] insists that his book [publisher] should be called Puebla. Why should he hide the name with "Puebla" if he's not worried this is not F.D.N.-C.I.A. money? Now if Belli says he doesn't know the C.I.A. is with us, I don't think he's that idiot[ic]. . . . We were told by the C.I.A. to always say that the funds were private. That's the canned answer we were told to always use. So when Belli says this, I expect that. We were told to say that. . . . People should know the C.I.A. is using the church. Today the Puebla Institute has been repackaged. . . . with these four names [of the directors related to the *contras*] to make them founders of this group.
>
> COCKBURN: Let me read you the exchanges quoted in Davis's letter. [Does so.]
>
> CHAMORRO: Nina Shea invited me for a bagel on Pennsylvania Avenue. Then she said I changed the appointment, come to my office [the Puebla Institute office in Washington]. We started a very informal conversation but they were recording me without telling me. . . . Or somebody was taking very careful notes. Out of context because there are things I said that are not quoted. It's edited. I was telling my story, that I insisted that the book should not have the name Puebla, that it be an F.D.N. book, and the C.I.A. insists. After a while I walked out. I said, You asked me to a friendly informal conversation with Puebla [about] human rights and you are grilling me like an interrogatory. You are a C.I.A.-looking guy. You are treating me like the C.I.A.
>
> The more they talk the more they dig their own graves. This Puebla needs exposing.

Alexander Cockburn

FALSE PICTURE

Washington

From its very first sentence to its final attempt to smear the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, the American Israel Public Affairs Committee, the Committee for Accuracy in Middle East Reporting in America or any other group that questions the media hostility to Israel, Robert I. Friedman's *Nation* review of *The Lobby*, by Edward Tivnan [June 6], is a poorly researched, rather amateurish parroting of the latest Arab-prop line.

Some of his rather wild-eyed statements may, perhaps, be blamed on the inaccuracies and false conclusions of Tivnan's book itself. Others, however, must be laid at Friedman's own door.

For example, his attack on CAMERA. Having worked himself up into a bit of a

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EDITORIALS.

October Tremors

The cloud that passed over the promise of détente last week in the form of an off-again, on-again Gorbachev-Reagan summit came twenty-five years to the week after the most serious storm in the history of the superpowers' relations. The conflict over Soviet missiles in Cuba was more immediately globe-threatening than the disagreement over U.S. lasers, etc., in space. But the two events partake of a common historical dynamic of mutual threats, disputed motives, opportunistic advances—and implicit deals. Perhaps it's not so far-fetched to suggest that the current diplomatic impasse could be resolved in ways similar to the old eyeball-to-eyeball confrontation.

In the autumn of 1962 the United States maintained an aging but still immensely powerful nuclear battery in Turkey, pointed at the Soviet Union. The missiles were not placed there for the defense of the Turks. They were engines of a deterrence policy based on the credible use of offensive weapons of mass annihilation in the heartland of the enemy.

In that same season, Soviet ships began transporting nuclear missiles of similar range and force to Cuba, its one ally within short shooting distance of the U.S. heartland.

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But if in Turkey there was no threat, or even likelihood, of an invasion by the Russians, in Cuba the danger from the United States was real and present. The Bay of Pigs assault the year before was merely the most recent in a century-long string of interventions and wars by proxy on Caribbean islands and shores. President Kennedy and his Best and Brightest claimed at the time that Premier Khrushchev's missiles were offensive, believing (but never saying so publicly) that their function was the same as similar U.S. weapons ready to attack the Soviet Union.

But now, as surviving B & Bs remember the anxious October days twenty-five years ago, a revised history emerges. Although some of the knights of Camelot were eager for a nuclear showdown and wanted to get Castro and Khrushchev in one blow, others actually agreed with the tiny group of critics and dissenters at the time who said that the Soviet missiles were mainly to defend Cuba and posed no real threat to the U.S. mainland. Doubts about Soviet aggression were widespread. According to Raymond Garthoff in *Reflections on the Cuban Missile Crisis*, when Oleg Penkovsky, the Central Intelligence Agency's mole in the Kremlin, signaled that the Russians were about to drop the big one on America, so little credence was given his message that neither the heads of the agency nor the White House were notified. If the revisionists are to be believed, Kennedy himself was the least bellicose of the bunch. Since an earlier decision to remove the U.S. missiles still in Turkey had not been implemented, he proposed to offer Khrushchev a deal: mutual removal of both batteries.

But Khrushchev had a better bargain to strike. He said he'd withdraw the Cuban missiles in exchange for a U.S. pledge of nonintervention against the revolutionary government in Havana. The Cubans were understandably upset; they believed that the nuclear warheads were their best defense against America, which could not be trusted to live up to its word. Cuban soldiers occupied several of the missile sites and the Russians could not pull their weapons out for several days. At last the Soviet ships took back their nuclear cargo, and Cuba has been safe from U.S. attack ever since (if you don't count assassination plots, economic warfare, disinformation and subversion in a hundred submilitary forms).

In the current scenario, as I.F. Stone details below, the roles of 1962 are reversed. It is the United States that is being pressed to remove its "offensive weapons"—Star Wars and its abrogation of the antiballistic missile treaty. There may well be those in the Soviet leadership who favor going eyeball to eyeball. But Gorbachev appears interested in a deal: withdrawal of the most offensive aspects of the offensive weapons (nuclear testing and Star Wars deployment) in exchange for safeguards against nuclear attack (the mutual destruction of long-range strategic missiles). It looks like a great bargain, and indeed Gorbachev is right to believe that President Reagan agreed to as much, in outline, last year in Reykjavik. But the Republican right has been complaining loudly about détente, and Reagan's Worst and Dumbest have decided that any deal at all would undermine American military dominance.

It is against these forces that the critics and dissidents, the Congressional peace party and the worldwide disarmament movement must act. The hawks blamed Gorbachev for the temporary breakdown in summit preparations and arms negotiation. They accused the General Secretary of taking advantage of the President's bad fortune: Bork, the financial crisis, Nancy Reagan's surgery. But even assuming the intermediate-range nuclear forces treaty will be signed, the ball is still in Reagan's court with regard to an agreement on intercontinental ballistic missiles. And if he does not play he is risking conflict just as the leaders did a quarter-century ago.

Star Wars Block

A blink from the White House explains the latest upswing in the Soviet-American summit roller coaster. According to Moscow, the blink was a promise to include antiballistic missile talks in a summit agenda. The Russians appear to have been angered by U.S. failure to respond specifically to the compromises on the Strategic Defense Initiative, or Star Wars, proposed by Foreign Minister Eduard Shevardnadze in Washington in September or to those offered later by Mikhail Gorbachev in Moscow on an ICBM agreement. Hence, presumably, the General Secretary's refusal to set a date for the summit to sign an intermediate-range nuclear forces treaty. Suddenly, four days later, the surprise visit to Washington by Shevardnadze was announced in both capitals. In an interview *The New York Times* published October 28, Anatoly Dobrynin, a key foreign policy adviser, indicated that Moscow had wanted assurance of a "full discussion" with Reagan on both these matters if Gorbachev came to Washington for a summit.

Dobrynin added that there would be no return visit offered Reagan by Moscow next year unless there was agreement beforehand "on key provisions" of a long-range missile pact, including limits on S.D.I. The sudden reversal may indicate there were U.S. assurances to Moscow that the two summits would be more than photo opportunities. This kind of grand compromise would enable Reagan both to use S.D.I. as a bargaining chip for a historic cut in missiles and to continue S.D.I. research.

If this is the compromise possible between Washington and Moscow, it is no more than the one shaping up in Congress. There Senators Sam Nunn and Carl Levin put a provision into the 1988 defense authorization bill blocking any S.D.I. testing or deployment contrary to the narrow interpretation of the 1972 antiballistic missile treaty. This is what Gorbachev has been trying to negotiate. In return for a 50 percent cut in long-range missiles, he wants a U.S. promise to abide by the ABM treaty for at least ten years.

Although most experts agree that it will be many years, if ever, before a workable and cost-effective space defense can be deployed, Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger has been itching to withdraw from the treaty and rush into premature deployment just to make S.D.I. an irreversible

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part of the defense budget. But it would be idiotic for Congress in a time of economic distress to haggle with Reagan over a few billion dollars in budget cuts and let him proceed with a technological wild goose chase that could waste $1 trillion before its delusions were finally dispelled.

The clash over Star Wars is not an East-West issue. It is controversial on many different levels here and abroad. The controversy has not only split the American scientific community over S.D.I.'s feasibility but has provoked a top-level scandal in the very heart of Edward Teller's research fiefdom, the University of California's Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory, where this wildest of all his ideas was born. Its perhaps most important component, the nuclear-pumped X-ray laser, is the center of a hitherto secret row among his own lieutenants.

A top scientist has filed a grievance action claiming that Teller gave "overly optimistic" and "technically incorrect" data on Star Wars to the President and his advisers. Roy Woodruff charges that because of his disagreement with Teller over the nuclear-pumped X-ray laser, he was forced to resign as head of the weapons program at Livermore and was "unilaterally downgraded" to an entry-level position. Woodruff alleges that Teller "refused to transmit correctly technical information or to allow me to do so."

Robert Nelson, a senior scientist at the Jet Propulsion Laboratory and co-chair of the Southern California Federation of Scientists, said that "technically incorrect" is a euphemism for "fraudulent." The federation, which made the grievance document public at a press conference in Los Angeles, demanded a full investigation. The issue merits joint hearings by the Senate Armed Services and Foreign Relations Committees, neither of which is enthusiastic about Star Wars.

If the positions of the United States and the Soviet Union were reversed and the latter was the technologically superior power, we would balk at reducing our intercontinental ballistic missiles while the Russians went ahead with ABMs. The best—and cheapest—defense against an ABM system is to saturate it with an increased number of ICBMs, along with a cloud of chaff and decoys to confuse enemy radars.

Reagan still talks with characteristic hyperbole of making nuclear weapons obsolete. But even a wholly successful ABM system would be little protection against cruise missiles with nonballistic nuclear warheads or low- and short-trajectory ballistic weapons fired from submarines offshore. The managers of S.D.I. have long ago scaled down their goals from the original idea of building an impenetrable "umbrella" over the whole United States. They talk now of ABMs protecting cities and of negotiating a "mix" of offensive and defensive weapons. But that mix would mean expanding the arms race into the heavens without changing the balance of terror and enormously enlarging the risk to mankind. That is exactly what the ABM treaty was designed to prevent.

Both the United States and the Soviet Union need an end to the arms race to cope with their disparate but equally desperate economic crises. A new report says 20 million Americans suffer from hunger; S.D.I. would put pie in the sky for the military-industrial complex. I. F. STONE

Futures Shock

Stock futures contracts "are healthy and valuable and there is no problem here that justifies additional regulation," William Brodsky, president of the Chicago Mercantile Exchange, assured the House Subcommittee on Telecommunications and Finance on July 23. Eighty-eight days later, at 8:30 A.M. central standard time, futures contracts—obligations to buy or sell a package of stock at a set time—began a free fall at the Chicago Merc. When computers on Wall Street noticed the plummeting futures, word went out: Sell. The bull market fell on its knees, with the Dow Jones industrial average dropping 508 points.

Three months earlier, at the subcommittee hearing, leaders of the financial community pooh-poohed committee members' concerns about futures contracts and index arbitrage—the computer-generated trading that takes advantage of the difference between futures and stock prices. These financial schemes, while not the fundamental cause of Wall Street's rendezvous with reality, helped trigger October 19's panic selling.

But asked in July if futures and program trading warranted the subcommittee's attention, Charles Cox, then acting chair of the Securities and Exchange Commission, condescendingly noted this is "certainly an educational issue," not a regulatory matter. He mocked worries "that there is some kind of monster computer out there doing trading and that things could go wild, the computers could get out of hand and the stock market buzz off into space."

Charles Henry, president of the Chicago Board Options Exchange, dismissed the Cassandras: "I don't think that, based on the knowledge that we have today, we can say with any certainty at all that we face any meltdown in the markets either close at hand or far away." R. Steven Wunsch, a vice president of Kidder, Peabody and Company, maintained that "the strength of stock markets in recent years is the direct or indirect result of the fact that these new instruments and strategies, by making investing safer, have increased the demand for investments."

More alarming than the untroubled air of the witnesses was the difficulty some members of Congress had in formulating questions in this complex area. The subcommittee members, who are supposed to oversee the securities markets, were unversed in the latest market wizardry. Representative John Bryant confessed his perplexity but declared that in his gut he knew something was wrong:

> Perhaps I have too conservative a view of this, but I am concerned about . . . this business of trading on indexes and other sophisticated instruments . . . that don't really represent the purchase of stock in a particular enterprise. Doesn't it raise some questions about what we are doing when we have people hurriedly attempting to trade not based on in-

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> vestment decisions about whether or not a company is going to produce a good product . . . but based on what other traders are going to do? It is almost like a board game. . . . It causes me to have sort of fundamental common-sense-type concerns about where we are going, particularly when this results in computer-generated trading decisions. . . . It seems like that violates some kind of fundamental purpose of having a stock exchange in the first place, which I assumed was to allow people to invest . . . based upon what the enterprise was going to do.

The patronizing Cox replied that he appreciated Bryant's concerns. They showed, he noted, that more education is needed regarding "what purposes these products serve."

Rather, what was needed was a more critical look at a volatile market and the traders' devices. If the S.E.C. would not provide it, Congress should have. Wall Street's collapse dazed Capitol Hill. "There were 535 senators and representatives and their staffs running around trying to find out what it all meant," said one Congressional aide. The financial community moved faster. Four days after the crash, the Chicago Mercantile Exchange imposed trading regulations on futures contracts—the very thing Brodsky had told Congress was not necessary, an assertion that, unfortunately, no subcommittee member was effectively able to challenge. DAVID CORN

UNCIVIL LIBERTIES.

CALVIN TRILLIN

In the Reagan Administration, the first requirement for working in the White House is that you have to be able to recognize a moderate when you see one. You may need to sell him arms. You may need to keep him off the Supreme Court. Either way, you're going to have to know who he is.

Moderates are not that easy to spot. They don't wear capes with the letter "M" sewn on them. They don't wear extreme clothing of any kind. That's the whole point: They're moderate.

When the White House people started talking late last year about having tried to make contact with moderate elements in the Iranian government, I found it hard to imagine exactly how they would have gone about it. It's sort of like saying you'd like to make contact with the courteous element in the defensive line of the Chicago Bears. Every time I tried to envision it, the picture that came to my mind was of an outlaw motorcycle gang in the midst of trashing a roadhouse. Tables are being flung through the window. Patrons are being hammered on with beer mugs. Then a man from the local District Attorney's office (a tidy-looking man in a three-piece suit and wire-rim glasses) stands up on a table and says, "If I may have your attention for a moment, ladies and gentlemen, I'd very much like to make contact with the moderate elements here."

A man staggers out of the crowd. He's bleeding from a cut on his head. He's holding a chair leg. He looks dazed, but he's obviously trying to make an impression. He's been wanting a submachine gun to impress the other fellows, and he figures that anyone dumb enough to walk into a roadhouse being trashed by a motorcycle gang may be dumb enough to front for him at the local gun dealer's. He places the chair leg carefully on an overturned pinball machine. He rolls down one of his sleeves to hide a tatoo that shows a pit bull terrier tearing apart a bunny rabbit. "Moderate?" he says. "Did someone say something about a moderate? I'm a moderate."

The tidy man from the District Attorney's office points a finger at him and says sternly, "You are not the sort of person we want on the Supreme Court."

That couldn't be the way it works. As grateful as I am that this outlaw biker is not going to be a Supreme Court Justice, I can't believe that the Administration really goes about its business that way. Maybe if you've been in the White House a long time you learn that moderation is absolutely necessary in some places but not in others, in the way that a free press is absolutely necessary in Nicaragua but not in Chile.

But the pictures that keep coming into my mind make it seem so complicated. Let's say a couple of the Administration's shrewdest operatives are looking for a moderate to sell arms to. They find someone (his code name is Maxie) who seems pretty moderate. At the cocktail lounge where the first meeting takes place, there's some extreme dress (one man at the bar who's outfitted in a flour-sack shirt and cutoff jeans is talking to a man who's wearing a full-dress black velvet jump suit), but Maxie's wearing a corduroy sport coat and a knit tie and comfortable-looking crepe-soled shoes. When drinks are ordered, he says he doesn't want any hard liquor but he doesn't want just juice or club soda either. The waiter looks impatient. After a while, Maxie settles for a glass of white wine. The men from the White House exchange knowing glances: That was a moderate choice. "Say," one of them asks about halfway through drinks, "you wouldn't like to buy any missile launchers, would you? We've got a special on till the end of the week."

Maxie goes for the deal, and also snaps up some antitank guns that our guys had thought they might have to get rid of in the Bonanza Days Sidewalk Sale. Then, when everyone has another round in celebration, he orders a triple Wild Turkey on the rocks. Complaining of the heat, he loosens his tie and unbuttons the top of his shirt, revealing a T-shirt that says "The Kaiser Lives." Finally, he comes right out with it: He is, in fact, not a moderate but an extremist.

"I'm terribly sorry," one of the men from the Administration says. "In that case we can't sell arms to you."

Maxie looks terribly disappointed. "Don't worry," one of the Administration men says in a soothing voice. "Now that we know you're not a moderate, maybe we can put you on the Supreme Court."

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MINORITY REPORT.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

There was something implicitly smug about the naming of the Second Thoughts Conference, just as there was something unmistakably sinister about its deliberations. The presumption of the title was that revisionism—in this case, post-New Left revisionism—is necessarily more thoughtful. The discovery made by those attending was that only one kind of thought is considered to be wholesome and hygienic.

This came as a shock to those who had signed up with genuine second thoughts about their former commitments. (Who believes everything that he or she believed in 1968? Back then, the Democrats were trying to save Vietnam from joining the Chinese empire.) In the category of "genuine" I include David Hawk, a conscientious survivor of the movement against the Indochina war; Jeff Herf, a former S.D.S. activist turned cautious military strategist; and Fausto Amador, half brother of Carlos Fonseca and an original member of the Sandinista movement. These three were among the self-critical. But the tone was set by those who are now able to be critical only of others.

David Horowitz and Peter Collier, former editors of *Ramparts*, have come all the way from pink Pampers through Black Panthers to one-dimensional Reaganism. With a bit of effort, they could succeed in their current modest ambition, which is to become quite nasty. They make a good fit with the diagnosis offered by Isaac Deutscher in his 1950 review of *The God That Failed*. Speaking of a certain kind of former Communist, Deutscher wrote:

> He is haunted by a vague sense that he has betrayed either his former ideals or the ideals of bourgeois society; like Koestler, he may even have an ambivalent notion that he has betrayed both. He then tries to suppress his sense of guilt and uncertainty, or to camouflage it by a show of *extraordinary certitude and frantic aggressiveness*. He insists that the world should recognise his uneasy conscience as the clearest conscience of all. [Emphasis added.]

This disordered mentality got a chance to reveal itself at its most putrid on the afternoon of the first day. Ronald Radosh, announcing dramatically that we all face "a massive Sandinista propaganda machine" in America, gave a lengthy account of how he had personally eavesdropped on a conversation in Managua between Alejandro Bentaña, director of the Nicaraguan Foreign Ministry, and Professor William LeoGrande of American University in Washington. Evidently thrilled by his own prowess as a fink, Radosh told the crowd that the two men had been discussing such dark matters as the political line of Michael Harrington and the editorial policy of *Tikkun*. Then, he alleged, LeoGrande had told Bentaña not to worry; soon, Reagan would be gone and the Sandinistas could do as they liked. At once David Horowitz was on his feet to shout, "I know what I think of that! I say that's treason!"

It was a moment to savor. The spirit of Whittaker Chambers had materialized in the hall, and a rite of passage had been accomplished. "Treason." It has a good, resonant sound, doesn't it? No matter that Professor LeoGrande (who has issued a detailed denial) would never have said such a thing—for who believes that Nicaragua will ever be allowed by the United States to do as it pleases? Nor is it particularly relevant to point out that no formal state of war exists between Washington and Managua. Nor does it make much difference that Radosh, the patriotic eavesdropper, was on a trip financed by the United States Information Agency. What is significant here is the full-throated roar. Those who will not go the whole nine yards with the latest defectors are guilty, not of naïveté or useful idiocy or the usual charges but of treason. Whittaker Chambers, as some people forget, was a considerable and complicated figure who actually urged William Buckley, in vain, to have nothing to do with Senator Joe McCarthy. He would have been denounced as a faintheart and advocate of half measures if he had made a spectral appearance at this fervent gathering.

One sees the predicament in which Horowitz and Collier find themselves. At the gala dinner of their event were Norman Podhoretz, Irving Kristol, Martin Peretz, Hilton Kramer and William Phillips. That makes five editors of five self-congratulatory neoconservative magazines. It was an evening positively awash with pompous mutual esteem, punctuated only by a witty and admonitory address from Kramer. So who needs yet another set of breast-beating recusants, this time accusing themselves of a past mired in terrorism, crime and family maladjustment? In order to make their point and stake their claim, Horowitz and Collier had to exaggerate the zeal of the convert, intensify the hunt for heresy. I can offer a trivial and amusing example, to take away the taste of the LeoGrande episode. In private conversation the duo had suggested a debate between themselves and your correspondent. They even proposed that I contribute an article to the magazine that, with money from yet another right-wing foundation, they propose to launch. But at the above-mentioned dinner the toadying emcee, Marty (Hot Lips) Peretz, tried a flailing attack on the "loathsome" Hitchens. (Peretz is one of those tiresome, unctuous types who thinks he's a wit and who is half right.) At next day's session, Horowitz took up this cry and made it more extreme. It was obviously emotionally important for him not to be outdone by anybody.

The line of the conference was that a person who opposes the *contras* is, "objectively" of course, "anti-American." This must mean that the *contras* and their network of Norths and Channells and Singlaubs are in some essential way the United States. What could possibly be more of an insult to America? But the revisionism goes further still. According to the Horowitz-Collier-Radosh school (I hope these people don't last long enough to need a more convenient name), Franco should have won the Spanish Civil War, Cuba would have been better off staying under Batista, the Sandinistas should have been stopped in 1979 or earlier, the Vietnam War should have gone on, presumably forever, and the

(*Continued on Page 523*)

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ARTICLES.

COLOMBIA'S 'DIRTY WAR'

A Society Torn Apart by Violence

PENNY LERNOUX

Bogotá

The assassination last month of leftist leader Jaime Pardo Leal has pushed Colombia another step closer to political anarchy. Pardo's death brought to almost 500 the victims of a bloody war on the Patriotic Union (U.P.), a new left-wing party that is challenging the traditional political monopoly of the Liberals and Conservatives. While U.P. has suffered the largest number of casualties, prominent Liberals and even some Conservatives have also been killed this year, in addition to labor and peasant leaders, students, professors, journalists and human rights activists.

U.P.'s presidential candidate in last year's election, Pardo was killed when his car was ambushed by gunmen near Bogotá. His murder ignited nationwide protests, including a twenty-four-hour labor strike that shut down the country. The commercial sector of downtown Bogotá was sacked on the day of his funeral; hundreds were arrested during demonstrations throughout Colombia. Despite popular outrage over the wave of killings, two other U.P. militants were shot to death less than a week after Pardo.

Although Colombia has a tradition of violence dating to the postindependence wars in the last century, political analysts agree that the situation is unprecedented: Seven different guerrilla movements battle the army and police throughout the country; 137 paramilitary groups kill with impunity. Some of the latter are allied with Colombia's drug mafia, which has its own army of thugs. In addition, bands of professional kidnappers and extortionists terrorize the urban population (in Bogotá alone there are 1,525 such groups, according to police). Many Colombians carry a gun for self-protection, but the upper classes also use the services of 376 private companies, which have 40,000 security guards. In rural areas major landowners employ groups of peasants armed by the military to eliminate "subversive elements," such as the leaders of local labor unions or agricultural cooperatives in competition with the landowners.

A professional killer can be hired for as little as $20, although the price is higher for a prominent victim, such as a Cabinet minister, Supreme Court judge or newspaper publisher. Last year some 11,000 Colombians were assassinated in this country of 28 million, making murder the number-one cause of death for males between the ages of 15 and 44. While a high percentage of the deaths are connected to the narcotics traffic, human rights groups report a significant increase in killings and disappearances attributable to the military. According to Amnesty International, more than 600 Colombians were killed or "disappeared" last year by police and military officials and civilians working with them, "apparently with the approval of the high command." Studies by the country's Permanent Committee for the Defense of Human Rights and the Jesuit-sponsored Center of Investigation and Popular Education show that the number of disappearances and extrajudicial killings has jumped dramatically this year, to more than 200 a month, compared with fourteen a month in the early 1980s. Reports by the human rights monitoring groups Americas Watch and Amnesty International, and even by the U.S. State Department, establish that Colombia has become one of the worst violators of human rights in the hemisphere. They point to the same conclusion—that the country is cross-breeding Central American–style death squads and a "dirty war" like the one that took thousands of lives in Argentina during the military dictatorship of the 1970s and early 1980s.

Such, too, is the opinion of politically prominent Colombians, including Carlos Jiménez Gómez, Attorney General in the previous government of President Belisario Betancur. Jiménez, who is on a death list because of his investigation of military complicity in the death squad MAS (the Spanish acronym for "Death to Kidnappers"), said that Amnesty's findings were a "pale reflection" of the country's reality. Omar Henry Velasco, who heads a government office charged with investigating human rights abuses by the armed forces, is similarly pessimistic. "It's become dangerous to think," he said.

Political analysts, including members of the ruling Liberal Party, agree that the roots of the violence are similar to those in El Salvador and Guatemala. As is common in Central America, a small upper class dominates industry, agriculture and government, while 45 percent of the people live in poverty and nearly 20 percent in extreme poverty, according to the Colombian government statistical agency, DANE. About 15 percent of the population is illiterate and half lacks such basic public services as running water and electricity. Land distribution is as skewed as it is in Central America: 4 percent of the ranches and farms occupy 68 percent of the arable land. Differences in income are similarly extreme, the richest 10 percent of the population taking 44 percent of the country's income, while the poorest 20 percent receives a mere 4 percent of all income. The gulf between rich and poor was vividly demonstrated in September, when a landslide buried a hillside slum in Medellín, killing more than 500 people. The area was known to be dangerous, but the people had nowhere else to build their shacks. In the wealthy residential section of nearby Poblado, meanwhile, apartments priced at nearly $1 million were being snapped up by the rich.

The deep disparities in the countryside have fueled peasant rebellions for nearly five decades, but not until the 1950s, during a civil war between the Liberals and Conservatives, did peasant movements begin to evolve into Marxist guerrilla bands. The Revolutionary Armed Forces of Colombia (FARC), the country's largest and best-organized

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guerrilla organization, emerged from that decade of bloodletting. Known as La Violencia, the war took some 200,000 lives before the Liberals and Conservatives agreed to a pact, called the National Front, to alternate the presidency and share the spoils of government. Although the arrangement was designed to last for sixteen years (1958 to 1974), it continued in effect until the election of Liberal President Virgilio Barco last year. Studies of changes in land tenure patterns show that the chief beneficiaries of La Violencia were the regional political *caciques*, Liberal and Conservative warlords, who absorbed the landholdings abandoned by the terrified peasantry. The latter fled by the tens of thousands to the cities, where overcrowded urban slums became breeding grounds for crime. For example, in Medellín, where the unemployment rate is 17 percent, the homicide rate has climbed steadily in the past two decades and averaged nine killings a day by 1985, according to government figures.

The most audacious gunslingers went to the country's emerald mines, where they formed gangs of hired killers and smugglers. Some of these gangs graduated to counterfeiting dollars and gunrunning, and it was from such groups that the marijuana and cocaine mafia emerged in the 1970s. Because of their intelligence and viciousness, the Colombian drug families soon dominated international cocaine traffic, earning more money than the government itself. (During the Betancur administration the families offered to pay off Colombia's $13 billion foreign debt if Betancur would deny their extradition to the United States. Although the government refused the offer, it was an indication of the financial power of the Colombian mafia, which has infiltrated almost every sector of the economy, including agriculture, real estate, industry and finance.)

Meanwhile, seven different guerrilla movements emerged in parts of the country in response to the desperate conditions of the peasantry, which, in areas such as the banana-producing lands in northwestern Colombia, verge on the feudal. Behind the guerrillas came the military and the paramilitary squads. By 1984 whole portions of Colombia resembled small-scale versions of the war in El Salvador.

Throughout La Violencia and the bipartisan governments of the National Front, the military served as the mainstay of the political and economic elites. But with the exception of the dictatorship of Gen. Gustavo Rojas Pinilla (1953 to 1957), it remained in the background, content to allow the civilians the formal trappings of power. Although there were occasional threats of a coup, military officials were more concerned with widening the powers of their institutions than with forwarding the ambitions of any single general. So long as the civilians did not interfere with the military's mandate to deal with internal security, the former had a free hand in running the economy and foreign policy.

The division of power functioned well in the 1960s and early 1970s because of the intelligence of the political leadership, which realized that some modest economic reforms were necessary to keep the lid on social unrest, and because a majority of Colombians were still loyal to *cacique* politics. But by the end of the 1970s the traditional formulas no longer worked. Many of the reforms, including land redistribution, were stymied by the upper class, thus encouraging the growth of guerrilla movements and the political disaffection of a majority of Colombians, who abstained from voting as a sign of apathy or protest or sold their votes to the highest bidder. As agitation increased, so too did the influence of the military, which acquired wide-ranging powers through decrees and laws promulgated during a near-continuous state of siege. Today's paramilitary squads, for example, have their origins in a 1968 law giving the military the right to train and arm civilian groups for reasons of internal security.

As pointed out by retired Gen. José Joaquín Matallana, who is on the death list with Jiménez because of his dissident opinions, the military's preoccupation with counter-insurgency was encouraged by the so-called Doctrine of National Security, a right-wing geopolitical philosophy promoted by the Pentagon and upheld by such dictatorships as the regime of Gen. Augusto Pinochet in Chile and, earlier, its Argentine and Brazilian counterparts. The doctrine, which claims that East and West are in a permanent state of war, persuaded the Colombian military that any attempt to change the status quo was subversive. The recent proliferation of death lists and paramilitary squads reflects the doctrine's strong influence on the Colombian military, says General Matallana. Even if the civilian authorities were inclined to control the armed forces, their powers are limited by laws that give the military the right to judge and sentence civilians arrested on charges of endangering national security, including the illegal possession of arms. Amnesty International and Americas Watch state that such wide-sweeping powers have led to significant abuses by the military and police, including institutionalized torture, extrajudicial executions, disappearances, the denial of habeas corpus and the practice, commonly used in Chile, of refusing to acknowledge the detention of prisoners.

DRAWINGS BY FRANCES JETTER

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Colombians agree that the upsurge in violence dates to the "peace process" initiated by President Betancur. A populist Conservative, Betancur believed that political negotiations were the only way to end decades of guerrilla warfare. But the military and the economic elites, who opposed any dealings with the rebels, repeatedly sabotaged Betancur's effort to bring the guerrillas in from the political cold, using misinformation campaigns and the use of paramilitary groups to assassinate leftist leaders. The guerrillas also showed themselves intransigent by continuing the practice of kidnapping and extorting from wealthy Colombians and by insisting on the right to participate in the political process without giving up their arms. FARC, the most important rebel group in the peace process, followed the military's example of assassinating uncooperative peasants, particularly in the southern departments of Cauca and Caquetá, where the guerrillas finance themselves by providing protection for drug traffickers. Indicative of the brutality of some guerrilla groups, the Ricardo Franco Front, a dissident wing of FARC, in 1985 tortured and massacred about 200 men, women and children, whose bodies were later found in common graves. According to the front's commander, they were killed for an alleged "betrayal."

The peace process suffered a serious—some say mortal—blow in November 1985, when members of the primarily urban M-19 guerrillas occupied the Palace of Justice in Bogotá. Whether Betancur would have negotiated the release of the hostages is a moot point; the army seized the initiative by attacking the building. Nearly a hundred people, including about half the Supreme Court and all the guerrillas, perished in the fight, many during a fire that consumed the building. Betancur's handling of the affair cost him any remaining prestige, and it was left to his successor, President Barco, to pick up the shreds of the peace plan.

An upper-class technocrat, Barco is primarily interested in the technical aspects of tax reform and has sloughed off responsibility for such messy questions as peace negotiations onto his advisers. He has also given the military free rein, although some of his ministers worry that the dirty war could get out of control. Nevertheless, Barco's government is committed to holding municipal elections next spring—the first in Colombian history in which mayors will be elected directly—despite the *caciques*' fears that they may lose some power to the left. The elections are the principal reason the FARC leadership has continued to pay lip service to a cease-fire. They are also the only positive outcome of the tortuous peace process.

The election of mayors may not seem like a major change, but the prospect has terrified the elites, who foresee the disruption of their well-oiled municipal machines by lower-class upstarts from the Patriotic Union, which has allies in FARC and the Colombian Communist Party (P.C.C.) but also strong roots in politically independent unions, peasant federations and cooperatives. In its first showing, in last year's congressional elections, U.P. won 4.4 percent of the vote—twice that traditionally obtained by the left—and is expected to do even better in the municipal elections. The guerrillas lack support among the poor because of their violent methods, but U.P. is seen as a democratic means to achieve the structural changes sought by the guerrillas. FARC and its P.C.C. mentors have supported U.P. for tactical reasons, according to a high-ranking P.C.C. spokesman who said that, after three decades of fighting and no measurable effect on the central government, it was time to attempt a political approach. If the tactic failed because of repression, he said, Colombians would have proof that the only way to achieve change was through armed revolution.

The extent to which U.P. can achieve national reform through the ballot box is debatable, but the party will undoubtedly have an impact on local politics—if allowed to function. Municipal jobs have traditionally been used as payoffs for votes by Liberal and Conservative *caciques*, who benefit as well from the nearly $100 million a year that municipalities receive from the central government. In some regions they also receive royalties from the exploitation of mineral reserves, such as in oil-rich Arauca, in northeastern Colombia. U.P. controls three of Arauca's six municipalities and is expected to win a majority in the March elections, costing the traditional parties political patronage and millions of dollars in income. The Liberals and Conservatives face a similar challenge in other parts of the country, and political analysts believe that threat is a major reason for the assassination of so many U.P. leaders, including four congressmen. Government investigations of twenty-six of the murders indicate military involvement in at least some cases. In August, for example, U.P. Senator Pedro Luís Valencia Giraldo was shot to death in the presence of his wife and four children by a group of armed men, dressed in police uniforms, who crashed their jeep through the front door of Valencia's home in Medellín. A neighbor called the police, who took twenty-five minutes to arrive, even though the Senator lived near a military headquarters.

As in Argentina during the dirty war, repression has widened to include critics of human rights violations, even though they are opposed to the guerrillas. Among this group was a respected medical doctor, Hector Abad Gomez, head of the ideological committee of the Liberal Party in Medellín and a candidate for Mayor. He and a colleague were shot to death on entering the Medellín headquarters of the regional teachers' union to attend the wake of its president, who had been assassinated. Human rights groups believe Abad was killed because of his work as president of Medellín's human rights committee. His name was on a death list of thirty-four prominent persons, including former Foreign Minister Alfredo Vásquez Carrizosa, who until recently headed the Permanent Committee for the Defense of Human Rights.

Though the most publicized, that death list is but one of many. Every region in the country has a similar list or lists and one or more paramilitary death squads. Minister of Government César Gaviria recently shocked the Colombian Congress by announcing the existence of 137 such groups. Eight of these are national organizations, the remainder regional. Typical of such groups is Amor por Medellín ("Love for Medellín"), a vigilante squad that frequently goes on shooting rampages to "clean up the city," as one

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member described it. Amor, which claims 600 militants, recently announced its intention to kill all those "who are not decent people."

"The violence gets worse every day," commented a priest who is also a human rights activist. "The military views the situation as total war. So do many of the guerrillas. Then there are the drug traffickers and the common criminals. People are getting used to the idea that life doesn't have any value." □

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WITNESS IN HARARE

South Africa's War on Children

RICHARD FALK

Archbishop Trevor Huddleston, a venerable figure who was exiled from South Africa many years ago for his part in the struggle against racism, convened a large gathering in Harare, Zimbabwe, in September. The International Conference on Children, Repression, and the Law in Apartheid South Africa was an astonishingly powerful event. Because South Africa's resort to stricter censorship has dimmed the media glare, events like the one in Harare are necessary to keep up world awareness.

Most of us who attended were not shocked anew by fresh revelations of the daily horrors of apartheid. What made Harare most compelling was the vivid interplay of pain and resilience. Apartheid was brought to anguished life by the presence of 200 or so township children, several of whom recounted their rending personal stories, often in barely audible voices. The youngest witness was an 11-year-old, William Modibedi, who was accompanied by his mother. Also present was a lovely, radiant 12-year-old girl, Nthabiseng Mabuza, crippled for life by police brutality.

The singing of the children, the joyful spirit of solidarity, the extraordinary self-confidence of these young people seemed to express a sense that victory was already theirs, that apartheid will assuredly be dismantled, no matter how much blood is shed in the process. The conference organizers were surprised that such a large delegation from South Africa had been allowed to attend an event of this sort, and there remains concern even now that those who denounced apartheid in Harare will be punished once they are home again.

In a century filled with many atrocities, there is no need to claim a special status for apartheid. At the same time there is a special moral claim present: This form of acute repression is intensifying and is likely to produce massive suffering throughout the whole of South Africa before it collapses. And for Americans this claim has added dimensions. The United States continues to play a complicit role, helping to sustain the South African economy and indirectly lending support to the Pretoria regime.

The latest phase of apartheid was disclosed at Harare. The statistics cited by scholars at the conference are quite incredible. During the period 1984 through 1986, children under 18 (and some as young as 5) endured the following levels of police violence: 300 killed, 1,000 wounded, 11,000 de-

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tained without trial, 18,000 arrested for protest activity, 173,000 held in prison cells awaiting trial. The South African government has declared war on the black children of the country. This deliberate targeting of the young has no precedent in the sordid history of repressive politics. Since June 1976, when the first Soweto uprising occurred, young people have been at the center of township resistance, aggressively refusing to submit quietly to the daily humiliations of extreme racism.

How a political system treats children reveals its true character. To wage war against children is to embrace barbarism. As several white psychologists from South Africa have explained, the rigors of township life rob the young of their childhood and cause severe psychic disorders. The struggle against intimidation begins almost at birth. Yet, as the South African children at Harare confirmed, the human spirit mobilized by resistance and sustained by community cannot be extinguished.

Most of us realize that apartheid has survived partly because the government of South Africa is white, Western and considered a geopolitical asset when it comes to East-West matters. Americans, with their own unfinished agenda of antiracism, should rank this struggle their highest moral and political priority. To be fully human in the last part of this century means to be engaged actively in the struggle to destroy apartheid.

We can act concretely in many ways. Foremost, by insisting on extending and enforcing the sanctions Congress mandated this year over President Reagan's veto. Also important is doing whatever is necessary to withdraw the remnants of legitimacy from South African racism—professional societies in law, medicine, engineering, education and the armed forces should sever ties with their South African affiliates. It is time to form groups such as Lawyers Against Apartheid, Police Against Apartheid and Soldiers Against Apartheid as a way of disseminating information and raising the morale of antiapartheid militants in South Africa. It should be made clear by official pronouncements that to serve the apartheid system in any fashion is to commit crimes against humanity that are violations of international law and can be prosecuted and punished anywhere in the world. An appeal should be directed by prominent Americans to citizens in South Africa, saying that the time for noncooperation with racist policies and practices has arrived.

A fiery young religious leader from Capetown expressed at the Harare conference a widely held sentiment: "It is the refusal to be angry enough that has allowed apartheid to continue."

A final thought: Zimbabwe was white-dominated Rhodesia less than a decade ago. It is a country with many unresolved problems, yet it has not rid itself of white racism at the price of installing black racism. I met with many whites in Harare, and none complained of postindependence abuse. One white woman, whose father had been a Rhodesian prime minister, told me that the only racist incidents she had observed since the black Africans took over the government were those of whites against blacks. Her story is reinforced by the reality of a large and prosperous white presence in Zimbabwe and a net inflow of white immigrants in recent years. Zimbabwe is not South Africa, but it is encouraging to realize that at least one country in the region has largely emancipated itself from racism. And it was encouraging that at Harare all the notables, from Oliver Tambo, head of the African National Congress, to the young township firebrands were clear and eloquent about their commitment to a nonracist and democratic postapartheid South Africa. If there are any wise heads left in Foggy Bottom, they could usefully contemplate the hopefulness of the Zimbabwe path to a postracist society, as well as its ardent endorsement by the A.N.C.

As it is, my contact with the U.S. Embassy in Harare was not reassuring. Unlike many other resident diplomats, the U.S. Ambassador watched events disinterestedly from the sidelines, self-consciously distancing himself. After a particularly moving session at the conference the second-ranking U.S. diplomat, a pleasant, experienced Foreign Service officer, told me, "If I listened to speeches like that for three days, my head would turn to mush." Perhaps, at this stage, a little mush of this sort would improve the quality of U.S. policy in the region. □

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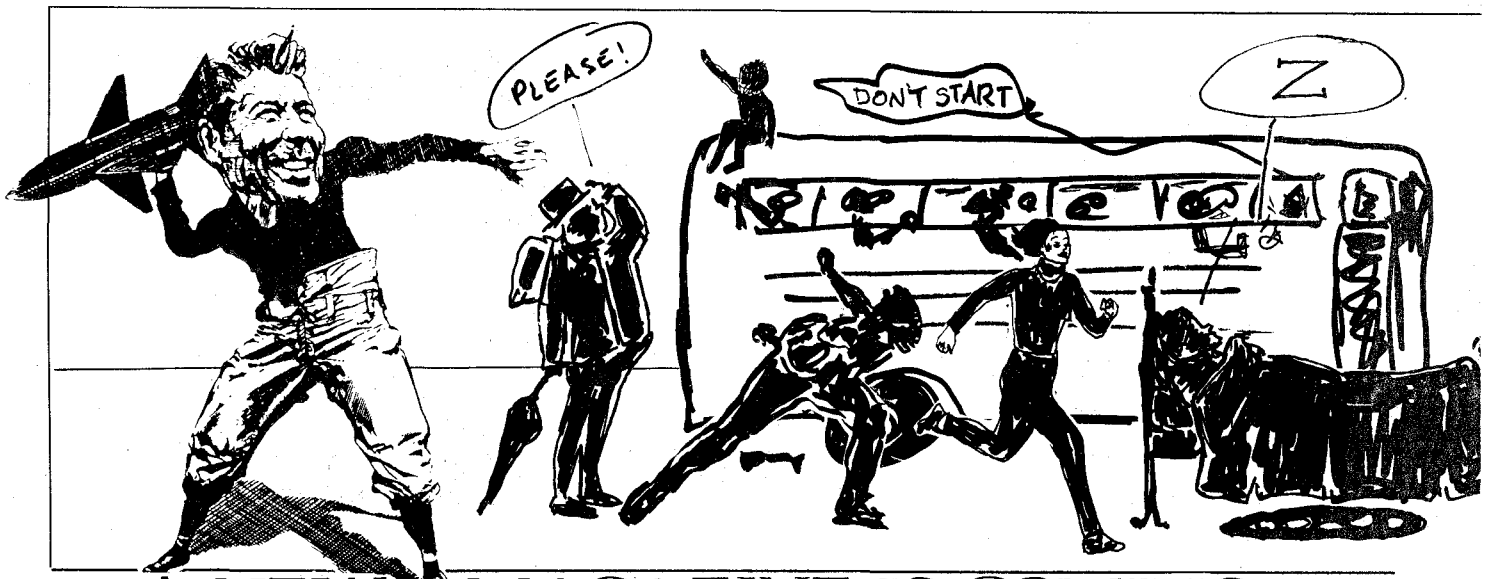

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Z is a new monthly magazine whose first issue will appear this January.

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COLUMNS

Each month *Z* will include at least five regular long columns about U.S. foreign and domestic policies, liberation politics, the elections, Afro-American politics, culture, economics, religion, ecology, race; feminism, sexuality, the media, and whatever else our long columnists choose to focus on.

Column's will vary from 3,000 to 6,000 words, providing writers ample space to address topics in depth. *Z* Columnists include:

- Noam Chomsky
- Alexander Cockburn
- Sheila Rowbotham
- Holly Sklar
- Michael Thelwell
- Juliet Schor
- Cornel West
- Bell Hooks
- Diana Johnstone

SHORTS

Z Magazine will bring its readers eight to ten two page shorts every month.

These shorts will provide resources, entertain, provoke, and illuminate. A few of the titles of the shorts you will enjoy are: "Tube News," "DoubleSpeak," "Hotel Satire, USA," "Movement Meanings," "History Handbook," "Who's Who," and "Venting Spleen."

Z Shorts Writers include:

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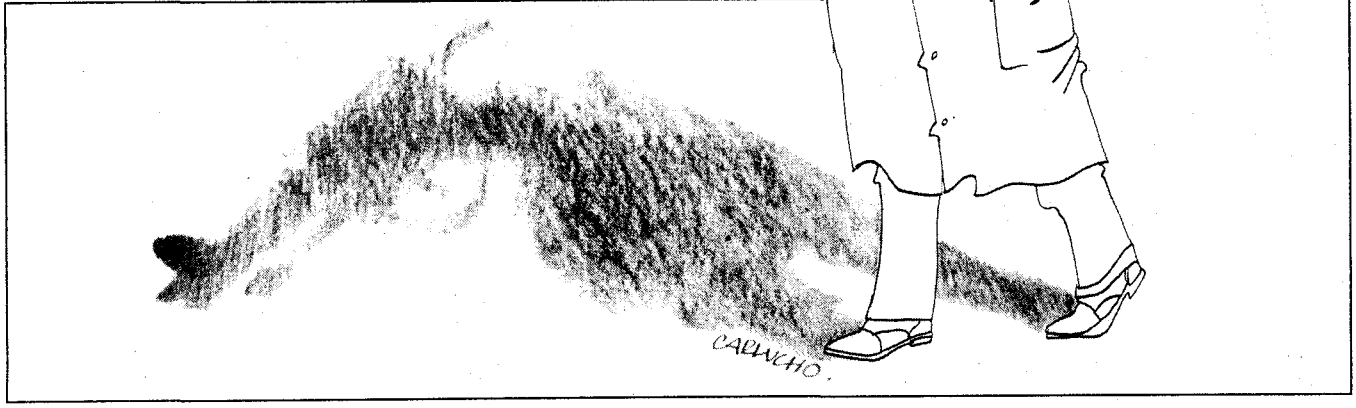

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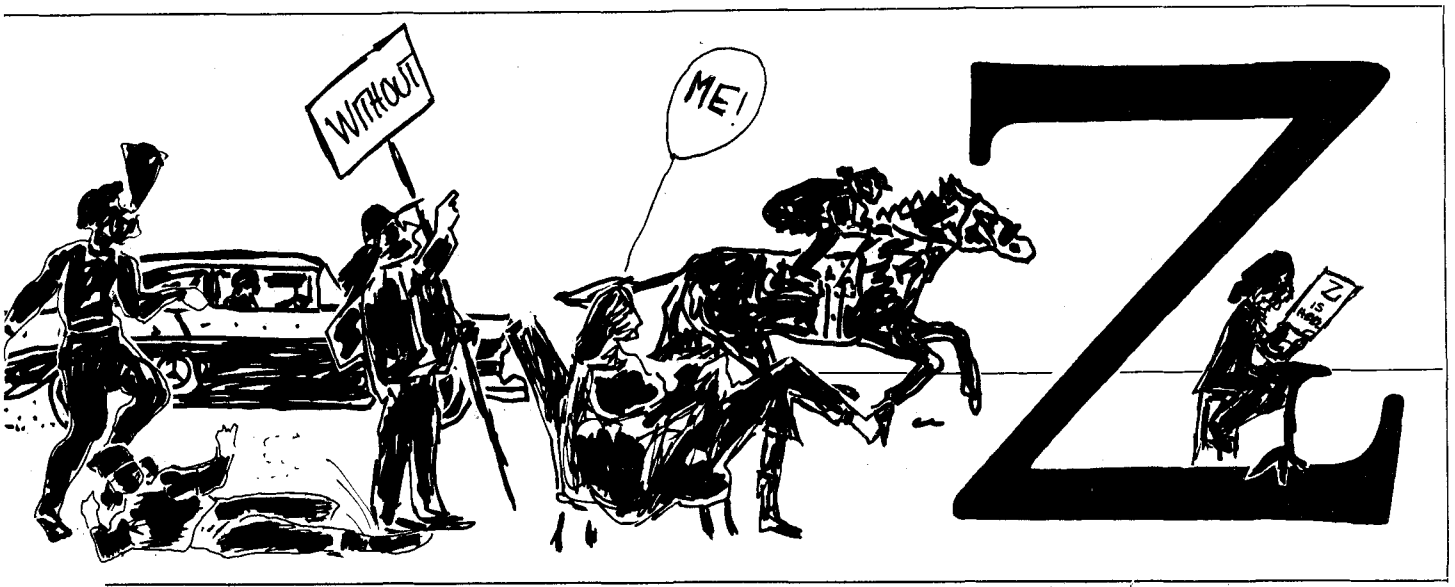

MAKE WAY PLEASE! I WANT MY Z's!

CULTURE

Our monthly culture section will focus on music, books, fiction, and sports, with extras on TV, movies and art.

The book section, edited by Geroge Scialabba, will include ample reviews, symposia, and essays in every issue.

The music section, edited by Sandy Carter, will include reviews, interviews, (Steve Van Zandt in January), and essays in every issue.

The fiction section, edited by Ernie Brill, will include a short story every other issue.

The sports section, edited by Matthew Goodman, will focus on the aesthetics, excitement, and politics of sports with essays and interviews every other issue.

Molly Haskell, Lucy Lippard, Peter Biskind and others will periodically write on films, TV, and art.

FEATURES

Feature writers will contribute two to four articles a year.

Topics will include labor, gay and lesbian poltics, Native American politics, technology, sexuality, ecology, architecture, feminism, health, religion, law, campus politics, Black America, psychology, and education. *Z* Feature writers include:

- Frances Moore Lappé
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- Joel Kovel
- Manning Marable
- Cindy Patton
- Jonathan Kozol
- Ward Churchill
- Cynthia Peters
- Robert Goodman
- Penny Lernoux
- Staughton Lynd
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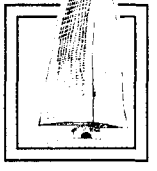
- Carl Conetta

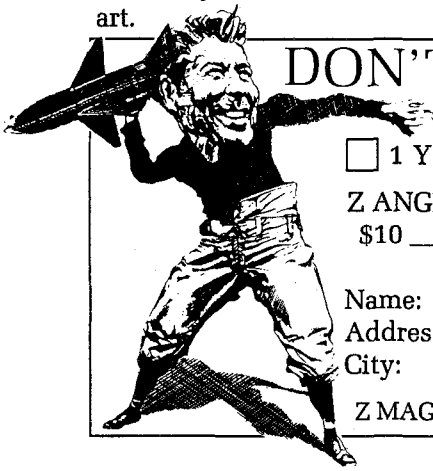


EXTRAS

Every month, in addition to Columns, Shorts, Culture and Features, *Z* will bring you cartoons, graphics, announcements, photo essays, and some surprises.

For example, we will periodically include "Voices from the Third World," highlighting in-depth interviews with people like Daniel Ortega, Winnie Mandela, Fidel Castro, and other less known but nonetheless influential. Individuals from countries where U.S. policies dramatically curtail political possibilities.

We will include roundtable debates on important policy questions. We will include reproductions of posters and flyers announcing important political actions. We will include readers' letters, *Z* writers' replies, and staff editorials.



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CRASH

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'New Voters'

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

success that more than 2 million "new voters" entered the political process. Not only that but blacks were encouraged and organized to run for office according to a strategy that would constitute a new progressive bloc within the Democratic Party at both the local and national levels.

By the election of 1984, the strategy had developed well enough to buck the Reagan landslide and provide the margin of victory for two Southern Senators—Heflin of Alabama and Albert Gore Jr. of Tennessee—and to contribute decisively in the North (where registration drives and bloc building were also under way) to the election of Paul Simon of Illinois and the re-election of Carl Levin of Michigan. Then, in 1986, when the tide of Reaganism had begun to turn, the Jackson strategy paid off handsomely. Eight more Democrats were elected in the South with "new voters" providing the edge. Not one of them had a majority of the white vote in his state; indeed, only one, Terry Sanford of North Carolina, got more than 40 percent of it. In addition, voters across the slowly widening spectrum of Jackson's Rainbow Coalition were decisive in re-electing Alan Cranston in California. What's more, for the first time in decades young blacks voted in higher proportions than young whites. No less an authority than George Bush's campaign manager, Lee Atwater (himself a Southerner), was impressed. "It's a tribute to Jesse Jackson," he told *The Washington Post.* "These are voters he's been targeting for the last four to five years, and I didn't realize he was as effective as he apparently was." All in all, it could be said that Jackson and the coalition gave the Senate back to the Democrats and made possible a new liberal politics in the dying years of the Reagan Administration.

Previous blocs of blacks, workers, farmers and others the likes of whom Jackson latterly calls "the dispossessed" were delivered to Democratic candidates and then ignored on policy matters until the next election. But the new Rainbow voters (for want of a better name) were kept in a kind of permanent if latent caucus by Jackson and his political organizers, until such time as they could be used for leverage on an important issue. The Bork nomination was the first and best test of this caucus's strength. More than a confirmation contest, it was a comeback fight for liberals who hadn't won a big one since the early 1970s. One after another, Southern Democrats, who wouldn't have dreamed of supporting Northern liberals in a straight ideological struggle ten or twenty years ago, joined in the vote against Bork. The difference, this time, was Jesse Jackson.

"We shouldn't brag about it," Jackson told me last week, and indeed the complex dynamic of the de-nomination process was such that no one factor or force deserves all the credit. Liberal lobbyists, activist organizations and legal intellectuals did a bang-up job of influencing opinion and convincing susceptible senators. Dissenting Republicans held tight, bolstered both by their constitutional convictions and, in some cases, their own sense of electoral oppor-

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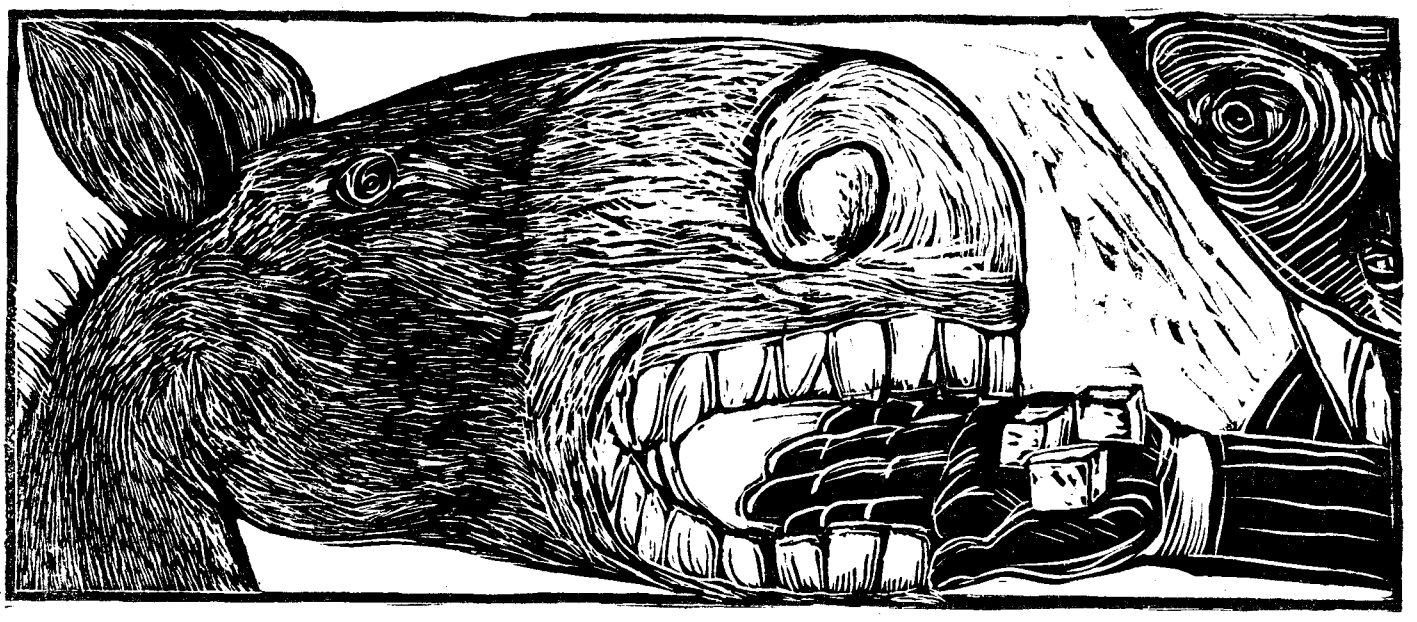
tunities. Heflin himself, in the end, waited longer than he had to in announcing his opposition, beyond the time that it would have done the most good in the Judiciary Committee.

Jackson's contribution to the defeat was more contextual than pretextual. His organization of a voting bloc that tipped electoral balances made possible the first realistic realignment of Democratic politics since the New Deal coalition, which for half a century has been hindered in effecting a progressive agenda by the inclusion of Southern conservatives qua conservatives. Jackson believes that what we saw with Bork is only the beginning of a power shift that could similarly restructure politics in the country as a whole. "We expanded the [Democratic] party," he said, and what has developed is the beginning of a "new majority" made up of elements of the coalition. It is far from finished. Crucial pieces are present in theory only (white issue-activists and left intellectuals, for two glaring examples), and the populist politics required to add them to the coalition never quite happens in practice.

The next critical steps are Jackson's own campaign for the Democratic presidential nomination and a drive to expand the Democratic Party, electing both black and white politicians who see themselves not only as champions of the new issues but also as part of the new majority coalition. Those two projects came together last month in Raleigh at a meeting of the Rainbow Coalition (billed as the first biennial convention), which, not by accident, coincided with Jackson's official announcement of his candidacy for the Democratic nomination. The latter certainly overshadowed—but never overwhelmed—the former. The Rainbow Coalition is barely postembryonic in formation, but it already has the features of a permanent fixture on the national political scene. About half the twenty-three-member Congressional Black Caucus trooped to North Carolina to pay their respects and announce their support; nineteen C.B.C. members are now on record as endorsing Jackson. Scores of black officeholders from legislatures in the North as well as the South appeared on the speakers' platform to give their blessing. An impressive array of white and black labor figures from the "progressive" unions—government and service workers, machinists, agricultural and communications workers and even a teamster—said they were joining up. And at the base an encouraging, if not enormous, contingent of local organizers from at least half the states in the nation shuttled through a maze of workshops, strategy sessions and plenary meetings dedicated to institutionalizing the coalition as well as electing "the Reverend."

Few politicians or political commentators who are not on the left margin of society take the Rainbow Coalition seriously as a potential force in national affairs—even if they are awed by and a little frightened of Jackson's personal popularity. Americans are not used to thinking of presidential politics in institutional terms; candidates are supposed to spring from their own ambition and build ad hoc coalitions from the top down to suit their personal campaigns. Permanent ideological movements with real principles and sturdy platforms that support candidates from the grass roots up have always been considered quirks on the political stage. If organized labor had not abdicated an independent political role in the 1930s, or if populism had not been devastated by both racism and the corporate onslaught in the 1900s, the conjunction of a social movement and a political party would not seem so strange. But the Rainbow Coalition, which at least in the abstract is just such a combination, could produce a different history.

The convention itself had the energy and exhilaration of a "movement" event. Hawkers handed out tracts and buttons that ran a gamut of causes and sects. People sang spirited songs, held hands and swayed to the music. Delegates recognized old comrades from struggles of decades past. More than once the crowd in the cavernous municipal convention hall was reminded that it was in Raleigh, at Shaw University, that S.N.C.C. (the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee) was founded, in 1960. And North Carolina—ever the herald of a New South—seemed finally about to fulfill that promise. The audience was greeted not only by the white, white-haired Mayor of the capital city but also by



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the district's State Senator—a young black supporter of the Rainbow Coalition.

Both Jesse Jackson and the idea of a black-based national political coalition came out of the civil rights movement of the 1960s, but the one is not meant to be an extension of the other. Of course the whole history of insurgent politics in America indicates that the long black struggle for equity and power is central to the dynamic of radical change. "It's no accident that Jesse Jackson is black," one white delegate said at the convention. White leftists have been trying to lead coalitions to transform the Democratic Party for some time (note, for example, various efforts of social democrats and community organizers to make their own party-within-a-party), without success, and it remains to be seen whether any of them can or will accept leadership from anyone not of their kind. But if this was only a civil rights fight, the campaign could not be won. Specifically, Jackson is certain that Bork could not have been defeated solely on "the black issue."

"Civil rights made this thing possible," he explained, "but it's not the centerpiece. There had to be a broader base" that grew from concerns about labor's interests in the South, about women's issues, the rights of privacy and other coalition concerns. "Senators can count very well," he concluded. The new senators of the South, Jackson said—and by extension all the politicians elected with the support of the new majority—have been "abandoned by the traditional voters of the right. They are faced with a new fact of life, the fact of a new vote in the New South."

How far the coalition campaign can go this time is still everybody's guess and nobody's sure thing. So many unformed events have to be factored into the campaign equation that no likely scenario can be written. Delegates and campaign workers were noticeably jittery here when rumors of a damaging series of articles in the Atlanta *Constitution* about Jackson's "character" swept through the convention. But on the eve of their reported publication, a corrective rumor blew in that the stories had been killed. Then the worries began anew that scandals would break next week, or next month, or next year on the eve of the Iowa primary, or Super Tuesday or. . . . Life on the edge of a media campaign is continually hair-raising. Jackson's people think he could weather a "character" storm, as they believe he can survive the recurring accusations of anti-Semitism and charges that he mishandled funds in his Chicago-based PUSH organization. But the volatility of the campaign so far suggests that no bets on survival should lightly be made.

Assuming that most of the other five Democrats stay in the race until Super Tuesday, assuming further that none of them break out of the pack until next year and assuming finally that a new Democratic Jackson-basher, specifically Mario Cuomo, doesn't enter the race before the Southern primaries are over, Jackson now seems bound to go into the Democratic National Convention in Atlanta with a heavy load of delegates. It's true that the campaign is serious about playing to win; Jackson feels he has to project himself as "presidential" in order to gain the kind of legitimacy he needs to overcome the "unwinnability factor," probably the biggest obstacle to his success in otherwise sympathetic white constituencies. But Rainbow strategists can count, too. He will attract only a few of the 650 unelected "superdelegates" designated by party privilege and elective status; and when the other candidates start spending and spending to make up their own delegate contingents, Jackson has little hope of getting a majority of votes by the end of the primary season.

He could very well come in, however, with one of the highest totals, and if no other candidate has a majority, that could give him and the coalition historic importance as the principal brokers of the first brokered Democratic convention within the memory of many delegates. What would it take to get Jackson to support one of the others? Certainly the vice-presidential slot is taken as a real possibility by his supporters. He might also hold out for a voice in the selection of key officials—up to Cabinet level—in a putative new Democratic administration. At the very least, one of his advisers told me, he would demand to participate in the postconvention election campaign.

"In 1984 Jackson registered all the voters, excited an active element in the party, made a rousing appearance at the convention in San Francisco—and then was totally excluded from the official campaign by the Mondale people," the aide recalled. Jackson still stumped all over the South for the ticket, but he had no role in shaping the campaign. "There was no reason other than racism for his exclusion—or party leaders' fear of racism in others, which is tantamount, as they say in Alabama, to the same thing." This time, the more Jackson and the coalition organize their own base, the greater their capacity for independence and ability to enforce at least some of their demands, and the less likely it is that Jackson will be just another invisible black politician. He may not ever be welcomed, but he certainly will be expected. □

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MINORITY REPORT.

(*Continued From Page 511*)

Chinese Revolution should have been aborted in Shanghai before Malraux got hold of it. These positions, which I do not caricature, are in the strictest sense idealistic as well as reactionary. They reduce the study of history to a mere working-out of conspiracies and betrayals.

Suppose one were to say that the Russian Revolution *should* have occurred in 1905, that Rosa Luxemburg *should* have saved Germany from the right in 1919, that Gramsci's forces *should* have vanquished Mussolini's, that Sandino *should* have triumphed in 1929, that the French empire *should* have been allowed to expire in Indochina in 1945 or that the Spanish Republic *should* have arrested the rebellious generals and avoided the Civil War in the first place? One could properly be accused of utopianism, though God knows I wish all those possibilities had occurred. Instead, for refusing to indict the course of events and for seeking historical as well as moral reasons for the fate of revolution, one is accused of fellow traveling and appeasement. Nice, unironic going. You would scarcely guess that it is the Reaganites who now arm and endorse the Khmer Rouge.

Having rewritten it up to its present page, the H-C-R school now flatly announces that history has come to a full stop. To talk of change and evolution in the Communist world, for example, is to talk of something that is axiomatically impossible, a position that even Professor Leszek Kolakowski, who helped formulate it, now finds less tenable than he was wont to. This deaf, boring, fanatical opinion finds its ideal counterpart in the conviction that corporate, consumer, military capitalism is civilization's last word in the West.

"Aha!" exclaim the new zealots, "You're ducking the question. Are you, or are you not, sincerely anti-Communist? Answer yes or no! Also, answer quickly!" In Stephen Ambrose's history of the political career of Richard Nixon, I learned that in 1950 Nixon was accused by Helen Gahagan Douglas of being soft on Communism in Korea. "On every key vote," said this silly, opportunist progressive, "Nixon stood with party-liner Marcantonio against America in its fight to defeat Communism." More recently, on May 14 last, I heard Robert McFarlane tell the Iran/*contra* hearings why he had never checked on the legality of the Nicaragua policy: "To tell you the truth, probably the reason I didn't is because if I'd done that Bill Casey, Jeane Kirkpatrick and Cap Weinberger would have said I was some kind of a Commie, you know." Yes I do know, and an auction in which Nixon and McFarlane can be outbid is too much for me.

I will say for David Horowitz that he urged me to speak with Fausto Amador. I did have a long discussion with Amador two days after the conference ended. He was blooded early as a Sandinista, experienced a great disillusionment in Cuba and became, successively, an ex-Communist, an ex-Trotskyist and an ex-Marxist. But he has stopped short of the full James Burnham apostasy. He now lives in Costa Rica, where he leads a grass-roots movement of the poor and not long ago was arrested for heading a demonstration in memory of the murdered Archbishop Romero of El Salvador. He is passionately opposed to the *contras* and will have nothing to do with any Nicaraguan who supports them: "They have burned down the possibility of civic opposition and become corrupted with American money. They are *shit*!" I asked him why he had not said so at the conference: "Well, they cut my speech short—the only time it happened to anyone all weekend. I like David, but I don't know why he is getting involved with these people. He will soon learn what they are like." I think Amador is an optimist.

A very different kind of former revolutionary was also at the conference. Ndabaningi Sithole, the renegade black nationalist from the old Rhodesia, was a prominent guest. I used to interview him back in the days when he threw in his lot with Ian Smith and became a zealous prosecutor of the war against his people's insurgent majority. While in office he solicited the help of Idi Amin for his own private militia. He now beseeches Washington for aid to the South African–organized rebels in Mozambique. In the coming battle over South Africa he will provide some pathetic black decor for the pro-apartheid lobby. Is this what the Second Thoughters really want? All the available evidence about their mentality suggests that it is. For them, the demand to release Nelson Mandela and recognize the African National Congress is a demand that opens the door to Stalinism. And if Mandela dies in prison and the A.N.C. comes to power in blood, the same geniuses will be on hand to say that they told us so. This is a cheap three-card trick, which any fool can see through while it is being played. The blacks who hate Mandela will meanwhile find good company with the Jews who supported the torturers of Jacobo Timerman. Who is traveling with whom?

Since I have never been a Stalinist, a Weatherman enthusiast or a Black Panther groupie, I may lack the imaginative sympathy that is required to analyze the H-C-R cult. But I know a dead end when I see one. The cult has changed ships on a falling tide. Every precept of Reaganism is coming to pieces before our eyes. And meanwhile in the Soviet Union, which was unmentioned at the conference, nobody any longer believes that *glasnost* is window dressing (though Norman Podhoretz thoughtfully compared Gorbachev to Hitler in his most recent column on the subject). Of all the times to sign up for a simple-minded war on the socialist and revolutionary past, this must be the least propitious. But the absurdity of the H-C-R faction doesn't necessarily define it as innocuous. There will be further spasms of lunacy down the road, and fresh occasions for the paranoid style to express itself. As Deutscher put it so aptly in speaking of the penitent:

> His former illusion at least implied a positive ideal. His disillusionment is utterly negative. His role is therefore intellectually and politically barren. . . . He advances bravely in the front rank of every witch-hunt. His blind hatred of his former ideal is leaven to contemporary conservatism.

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LETTERS.

(*Continued From Page 506*)

frenzy over supposed "Jewish Power," Friedman states that CAMERA was formed to "keep the U.S. press in line." This statement is probably the funniest misjudgment ever to fall from the pen of a journalist who hopes to be taken seriously.

CAMERA is a grass-roots group, begun after months of biased and often grossly inaccurate media representations about the Israeli role in Lebanon. It was the result of extraordinary frustrations experienced by ordinary people when confronted by the lack of objectivity, balance or even interest in attempting to approach those goals by most American media outlets in 1982. As has been shown with considerable documentation (see *Double Vision*, by Ze'ev Chafetz; "Misreporting Lebanon" in *Policy Review*, Winter 1983; and myriad other studies we could name on request), deliberately false or misleading statements issued by the Palestine Liberation Organization or its supporters were often taken without independent verification and published by U.S. media as fact.

In his frenzy, Friedman neglected even the most rudimentary reportorial basics—he took his assumptions without checking them and reported them as fact. (Perhaps this was an echo of the type of reporting mentioned above.) For example:

§ CAMERA was set up by a very diverse, informal group of people (of all faiths, by the way) to provide factual responses to factual errors or misleading statements in the media. The hope was that it would also serve as a resource for media. This effort was begun with the good-faith expectation that most reporters are interested in gaining perspective and factual background.

§ Mr. F's statement that "at least in one case, it [CAMERA] has assigned freelance reporters to dig into the personal lives of liberal journalists" is so farfetched as to outpace even his previous statement that CAMERA was "to keep the U.S. press in line." In short, it is ludicrous. The financial burden alone would make such an undertaking impossible, even if Friedman's private life were that interesting. Like most nonprofit organizations, CAMERA is on a tiny budget. I believe that Mr. F is referring to a telephone conversation during which he denied his own identity and attempted to pry as much information out of me as possible. Having nothing to hide, I spoke rather freely, including my less-than-favorable opinion of Friedman himself. His bizarrely paranoid accusation was probably engendered by my remark that his writings and talks would bear looking into and that I would probably ask one of CAMERA's volunteers to review them. If Friedman is so ashamed of his public statements that he views that as a threat, that is his problem.

§ Even in listing three of CAMERA's board members, he got two of the three wrong! He did not bother even to check the identity of one, Carl Levin, a Washington public-relations consultant, and in classic cub-style reporting got him mixed up with the Senator. He did not bother to find out that Dr. William Perl, the rescuer of over 40,000 Jews from the Nazis, had severed his ties to the Jewish Defense League over eleven years ago, long before CAMERA had even been formed, and in any case had not been on our board for over a year. He did manage to correctly identify Charles Krauthammer.

The rest of the piece, which calls CAMERA a part of "the lobby," is equally false. We derive no financial support from the A.D.L., AIPAC or any lobby or political action committee, nor would we.

The "power" of CAMERA lies simply in the fact that its members know that the truth can only benefit democracies such as Israel and the United States, and that attempts at smear tactics, as so amply demonstrated by Friedman, are the results of irrational hostility inflamed with hate. Talk about McCarthyism! Shame on *The Nation*. *Win Meiselman*
President, CAMERA

FRIEDMAN REPLIES

New York City

CAMERA stands out among ultraright-wing pro-Israeli groups for its shrill, hard-line positions and its willingness to wage McCarthyite smear campaigns to vilify those it views as its enemies. It has never been interested in objective Middle East reporting.

Formed in response to widespread criticism of Israel's 1982 invasion of Lebanon, which it strongly supported, CAMERA has promoted a number of extremist positions, including the annexation of occupied territories and an accelerated Jewish West Bank settlement program, which would undoubtedly end in an apartheidlike situation for Palestinian Arabs.

One of CAMERA's founding members is Dr. William Perl, the former head of the J.D.L. in Washington and an architect of Meir Kahane's policies to deport Israel's Arabs. In November 1976, during a period of increased J.D.L. attacks against Soviet and Arab targets in the United States, Perl was convicted of conspiring to shoot into the homes of two Soviet diplomats in Maryland. According to an Associated Press account of the trial, Perl—who is still pro-Kahane—testified that he was lured into the scheme by a man named Levtov who was supposed to be an Israeli intelligence agent but was actually working for the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

CAMERA's close relations with extremists like Perl and its affiliation with a cadre of hard-right groups, as well as some powerhouse organizations like the A.D.L. and AIPAC, give the lie to Meiselman's claims of independence and objectivity. For example, CAMERA is closely allied with Americans for a Safe Israel, a pro-Israel lobby group that opposes Israel's withdrawal from the Sinai and the Camp David accords and last winter held a private meeting with Rabbi Kahane to explore working together. According to AFSI national council member Lee Samet, CAMERA and AFSI share many board members and many common interests. "We work together quite a bit," he told me.

CAMERA also works closely with AIPAC, the A.D.L. and the Israeli Embassy. For example, according to a fact sheet CAMERA mailed to its supporters, it is "working with and providing workshops for organizations such as AIPAC, ADL and B'nai B'rith in media response techniques." CAMERA has sponsored a variety of conferences on terrorism, most recently one in conjunction with the editor of the Moonie-owned *Washington Times*, Arnaud De Borchgrave. And CAMERA has advertised that it is "beginning a campus network to help students and faculty counter and withstand the well-funded Arab propaganda campaigns on American campuses."

CAMERA bombards the media with letters to the editor and phone calls charging an anti-Israel bias. Its newsletter, "Post Mortems," an Accuracy in Media clone, mixes critiques of Middle East reporting with lessons in political lexicon. For example, "Post Mortems" took *The Washington Post* to task for reporting that a Palestinian terrorist attack "took place just outside the Old City's Dung Gate in Arab East Jerusalem." Finding an example of anti-Israel bias in the *Post*'s description, "Post Mortems" wrote: "Since there is no independent country called 'Arab' or 'Araby' to claim sovereignty over 'East Jerusalem,' the use of the word 'Arab' in modifying 'East Jerusalem' could not have been used to clarify the *Post*'s preferred political status for the eastern side of Israel's capital. . . . Yes, a majority of the residents of 'East Jerusalem' are Arab—just as a majority of the residents of Anacostia are Black. But would *The Washington Post* ever think of referring to Anacostia as 'Black East Washington?'"

It's simply not worth responding to all of Meiselman's baseless charges. She accuses me of having an anti-Israel bias, but how does she square that with the fact that my reporting on the Palestine Liberation Organization has been cited for its toughness in *Double Vision* by the former head of the Israeli government press office in Jerusalem, Ze'ev Chafetz—one of her heroes.

My apologies to Senator Levin about the misidentification. A *Nation* fact checker, who was instructed to verify whether he was a member of CAMERA, failed to do so.

Alone, CAMERA is insignificant. Its strength lies in its ability to plug into the pro-Israel lobby and thus share in the lobby's massive firepower. Hardly an unbiased media watch group, CAMERA has an agenda called Greater Israel. It doesn't want fairness but bias in its favor. *Robert I. Friedman*

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Unhealthy Resistance

DANIEL S. GREENBERG

AND THE BAND PLAYED ON: Politics, People and the AIDS Epidemic. *By Randy Shilts. St. Martin's Press. 630 pp. $24.95.*

When the files and memoirs become available, all long wars are revealed to have been badly fought. It could not be otherwise with the AIDS epidemic, given the disease's stealthy spread, the outcast populations it initially struck and its scientific intractability. Most important, however, was a horrific coincidence: the simultaneous arrival in the United States in 1981 of an uncompassionate, overtly homophobic presidency and a mysterious, fatal affliction transmitted mainly through the sex practices of male homosexuals. The ingredients for calamity were abundant, and the forces opposing them turned out to be feeble.

The begrudging response to AIDS by the world's greatest scientific and medical power is copiously reported and analyzed in this remarkable narrative by Randy Shilts, a *San Francisco Chronicle* reporter who's been on the AIDS beat from the beginning. Organized in chronological, datelined sections starting with the belatedly recognized hints of AIDS in medical data collected in the mid-1970s, it ranges worldwide, detailing public and private events, sometimes day by day. The story of the epidemic is recounted through the experiences of obscure and well-known patients, the few physicians and researchers who futilely tried to sound early alarms, their political allies and opponents, from San Francisco City Hall to Congress, and the scurrilous scientific infighting that long delayed reliable identification of the AIDS virus.

Shilts occasionally dwells on trivialities; he favors overly florid passages and grants excessive credence to unsupported gossip. But this is otherwise a solid journalistic performance, sure to be a durable study of the AIDS debacle.

Daniel S. Greenberg is editor and publisher of "Science & Government Report," a Washington-based newsletter, and writes a syndicated newspaper column on science and health politics.

Of particular importance is his account of the press's indifference to the early stages of the epidemic, when journalistic alarms might have aroused political attention and freed urgently needed money for basic epidemiology and other fundamentals of disease control. Shilts notes that AIDS, first reported in the medical literature in June 1981 and excitedly discussed in widening scientific circles from then on, merited only six articles in *The New York Times* in the following eighteen months, none on page one. The focus of coverage, then and even in today's glut of press attention, was on episodes and dangers of heterosexual spread. In August 1982, when carefully supported warnings about AIDS were regularly coming from even conservative scientific quarters, Dan Rather earnestly reported, "Federal health officials consider it an epidemic. Yet you rarely hear a thing about it." The broadcaster to millions, in full command of choosing what to broadcast, did not explain the neglect. However, he added, "At first it seemed to strike only one segment of the population. Now, Barry Peterson tells us, this is no longer the case." Peterson concluded his performance by noting, "But there is almost no money being spent so far." What was being spent, Shilts relates, had either been raised privately or was in Federal accounts that the White House had marked for severe reductions.

There is also a skillful account of the blood banking industry's last-ditch battle against antibody screening, a battle that was waged long after the transmission routes of AIDS had been clearly identified. This story is one of the lesser-known villainies in the egregious history of AIDS, but Shilts weaves it into the chronology, noting that the bumbling Health and Human Services Secretary, Margaret Heckler, delivered assurances that the nation's blood supply was safe long before protective screening was instituted.

At the emotional center of Shilts's account is the devastated gay community of San Francisco. He displays affection for its proud, aggressive style of gay liberation, but also anger and dismay at its prolonged, suicidal unwillingness to alter the sexual behavior that was clearly accelerating the spread of the disease. The battles of the bathhouses constitute a tragic episode in denial and self-delusion, and Shilts tells it all.

But the main story here, the one that is more thoroughly documented by Shilts than by any other reporter, is the aloof and ignorant meanness that the Reagan White House brought to the AIDS crisis. The attitude continues to this day; it manifests itself in presidential silence about AIDS-afflicted children—though Reagan is ever ready to plead for a spare organ for a child dying of a socially respectable disease. A conservative judiciary is routinely taken to be the twenty-first-century legacy of this Administration. But, given the precious time that Reagan squandered in confronting AIDS—even long after his own biomedical advisers proclaimed a calamity in the making—he may well have assured himself an inglorious, enduring place in an unlikely quarter: medical history. Money for AIDS research and education has finally increased to respectable levels, but this has been done at the initiative of Congress and over the resistance of the White House.

Shilts's account shows that the nation's early warning system for disease—practicing physicians in collaboration with the Federal Centers for Disease Control—functioned well in recognizing that a vicious, unknown pathogen was suddenly on the loose. The ability to find and counter these menaces had previously brought renown to the C.D.C. for such feats as its swift identification of the organisms that killed American Legionnaires in Philadelphia a decade before. The difference with AIDS, however, was that the first known victims were homosexuals, many conspicuously defiant about their sexual life style. Next came another pariah group, needle-sharing intravenous drug users. They were unreachable by scientific evidence or reasoned pleas, while the politically well-organized gay communities initially reviled the AIDS data as a homophobic invention designed to erode their hard-won liberation.

The combination of defiant gays and indifferent addicts might have been enough to extinguish the weak public health instincts of the newly installed Reagan Administration. But Shilts fails to give proper weight to another element: the fiscal austerity of the new Administration, which was on high alert against the budget-busting ingenuity of

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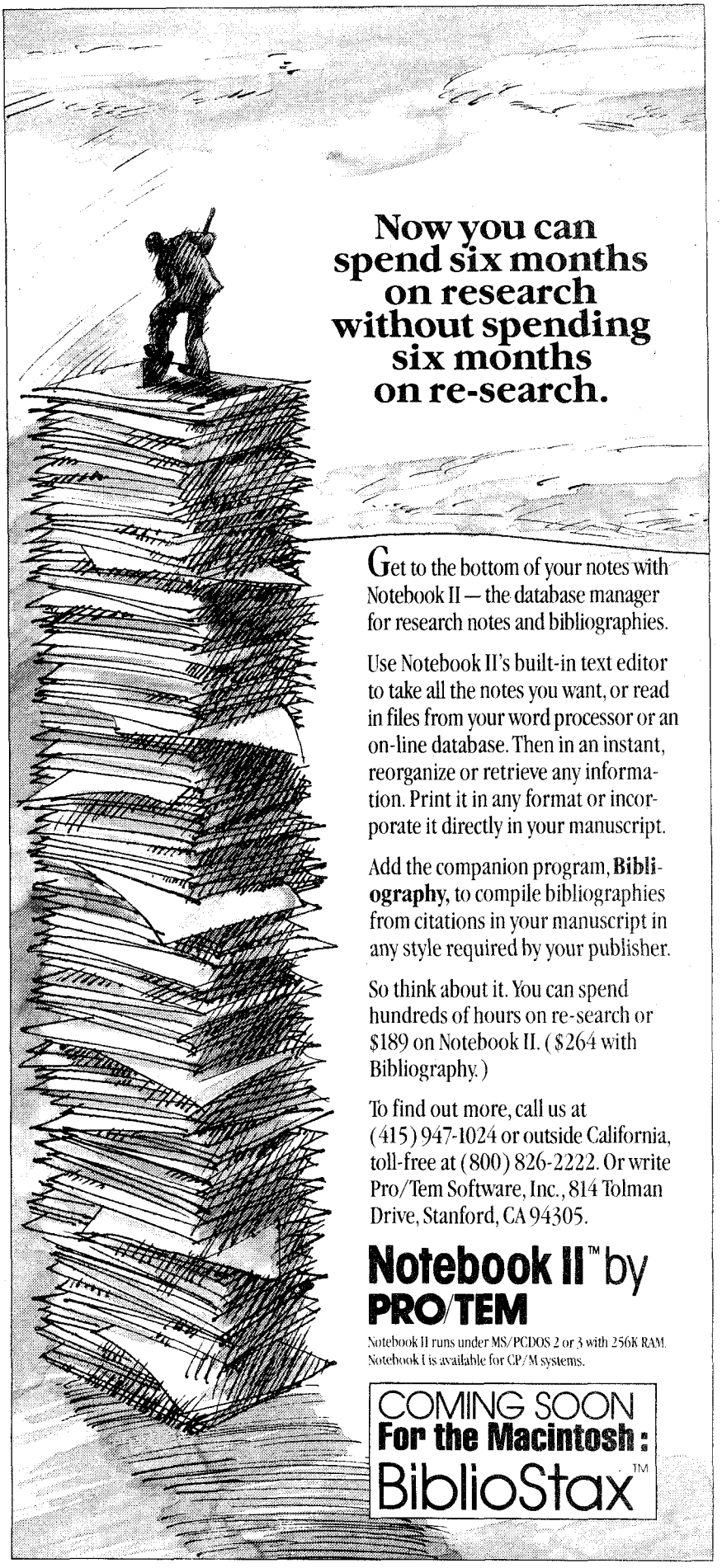
the Federal biomedical research establishment. The great performer in this annual feat was the National Institutes of Health, which had regularly eluded White House budget control by quietly collaborating with so-called disease-of-the-month lobbies that played on Congressional heartstrings.

In September 1981, three months after the C.D.C. published the first reports of AIDS-related pneumocystis carinii pneumonia, the National Cancer Institute, the biggest and most public-relations-minded part of the multi-billion-dollar N.I.H. complex, held a conference to stake out jurisdiction over what later came to be identified as AIDS. Without any sense of urgency, it was there decided to send out invitations to apply for research funds.

The Cancer Institute, fighting its own battles with budget director David Stockman, then relegated the AIDS problem to its leisurely review process for grant applications. This meant that virtually no research funds went out for nearly two years. Could N.I.H. have moved faster? To think so is to confuse a science department with a fire department. N.I.H., more like a cluster of university graduate institutions than a politically responsive Federal agency, has long cultivated careful deliberation in awarding its bountiful budget. Bedazzled by fears of disease and promises of cures, Congress has obligingly enriched N.I.H. and shielded it from the White House. When AIDS came along, N.I.H. had the money and independence, and a long tradition of dedication to science rather than sickness. What it lacked was a crusading spirit to get after AIDS. The necessary passion was present in the Centers for Disease Control, but that organization lacked the money. With a budget one-tenth the size of N.I.H.'s, the C.D.C. was forced to rob syphilis-control programs to chase after AIDS. And, on orders from the White House, C.D.C.'s managers assured a bewildered Congress that the funds on hand were sufficient for the task.

Meanwhile, most top-flight researchers—well supported by cancer money and deep into their own projects—shunned the AIDS problem, many of them thinking it would blow over quickly, like Legionnaires' disease, and therefore wasn't worth a detour in career plans. One exception, of course, was the Cancer Institute's Robert Gallo, who stands widely accused of filching the Pasteur Institute's AIDS research in his pursuit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of the Nobel Prize. Second-string scientists, though eager for money, failed to meet the Cancer Institute's strict standards for its prestigious grants. What was lacking was enough political fire to ignite the complacent biomedical establishment. And the indifference of the press in the early years was largely responsible for the absence of that political fire.

Would the lost years have made the difference between a horrible but limited epidemic and a worldwide catastrophe? There's no certain answer, especially since it is now known that AIDS was incubating for many years, perhaps over a decade, before the first cases were identified. What's cooking out there now is unknown, as are the prospects for ingenious developments in research. It is clear that a simple lack of funds in those early years prevented the research that should have underpinned the long-term strategy of public education, experimental treatments and vaccine development.

Shilts states toward the end of this huge, commendable work that

> everybody agreed that the baths should have been closed sooner; they agreed health education should have been more direct and more timely. And everybody also agreed blood banks should have tested blood sooner, and that a search for the AIDS virus should have started sooner, and that scientists should have laid aside their petty intrigues. Everybody subsequently agreed that the news media should have offered better coverage to the epidemic much earlier, and that the federal government should have done much, much more. By the time everyone agreed to all this, however, it was too late. □

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Permissible Crimes

NICK TOSCHES

THE CRIMES OF PATRIOTS: A True Tale of Dope, Dirty Money, and the CIA. *By Jonathan Kwitny. Norton. 424 pp. $19.95.*

When two people spend the night together there is no obvious way that a third person, across the sea or a block away, can know beyond a doubt what went on between them. Even if one or both of those people were to recount the night's events to the third person, that person would have no sure way of ascertaining the possible lies within the truth, or the possible truth within the lies. Now take a hundred bedrooms, a hundred board rooms, a hundred back rooms, mazily interconnected to form an immense Chinese puzzle; and include in that puzzle a hundred identifiable and uncounted unidentifiable souls coming together and dispersing in endlessly shifting, furtive groups. Multiply the impenetrability of the goings-on in that one mundane bedroom by all of this, and it should give you an idea of what Jonathan Kwitny was up against in investigating the mysteries at the heart of this book.

The Crimes of Patriots is about the Nugan Hand Bank, founded in Sydney, Australia, in 1973, by Michael Hand, a 31-year-old former Green Beret and Central Intelligence Agency operative from the Bronx, and Frank Nugan, the 30-year-old playboy heir to a modest Australian fruit-processing fortune built on Mafia connections. The bank collapsed in 1980, not long after Nugan was found dead in his Mercedes, a rifle in his hands and a hole in his head. He had a Bible with him. Slipped into that Bible was a piece of paper on which were written the names of Representative Bob Wilson of California (then the ranking Republican on the House Armed Services Committee) and William E. Colby, former director of the C.I.A. Also found with Nugan was a list of names—politicians, businessmen, sports and entertainment personalities, drug traffickers—coupled with five- and six-figure dollar amounts. A few months later, Michael Hand fled Australia, and he has not been seen since.

For the seven years of its existence, the Nugan Hand Bank was an arras-web of increasingly shadowy and sinister dealings. Aside from its bread-and-butter business of fleecing investors, the bank negotiated arms deals, handled blood money, laundered dirty cash and acted as a conduit for U.S. intelligence. Dealing with various international drug syndicates, the bank even opened up a branch in Chiang Mai, Thailand, the trading outpost where most of the opium produced in the Golden Triangle is turned into money.

With an almost surgical deftness, Kwitny succeeds in extricating, illuminating and analyzing the strands of the Nugan Hand web. It is a web within a web. The larger web, as Kwitny shows, stretches through time, from the early years of the C.I.A. and the growth of the Southeast Asian drug industry to the present. The characters in Kwitny's tale range from C.I.A. men to heroin lords, from the Sultan of Brunei to Rupert Murdoch, from Pat Boone to Oliver North. It is a tribute to Kwitny's lucidity that the book's complex story, with its dozens of international characters, never becomes confused or obscure.

That is not to say that *The Crimes of Patriots* is not a formidably perplexing book. Kwitny himself is honest enough to state at the outset that "this is not a book for people who must have their mysteries solved. It begins with unanswered questions and it will end with them." This is the sort of common sense that characterizes his work. Most who follow real-life mysteries—whether they take place in one bedroom or in an inscrutable labyrinth such as this—tend to start with an answer and then seek to confirm it. Kwitny's only presumption is that there is usually something wicked in the breeze.

Cynicism is a double-edged sword. It saves one from gullibility, but, if wielded too freely, it induces its own kind of gullibility; professional cynics are more likely to believe in unfounded rumors of cabals and treachery than kindergarteners in the Easter Bunny. Wherever he can, Kwitny gives several sides to his story. He even goes so far as to allow retired U.S. Navy Rear Adm. Earl Yates, the president of Nugan Hand, to present a flimsy rebuttal to *The Crimes of*

Nick Tosches is the author of Power on Earth *(Arbor House).*

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Patriots in the form of an afterword the admiral calls "The True Patriots." (Yates was one of those who refused to be interviewed by Kwitny.) Here, too, in a footnote to this quite silly document, Kwitny is equable: "The reader must decide for himself which version of events stands closer to the truth."

One suspects that even Adm. Yates must know that Kwitny's version is accurate. For, amid all the perplexity and unanswered questions, Kwitny presents much incontrovertible evidence that the Nugan Hand Bank was an entity of monstrous corruption and that the killing hands that held it were those of the C.I.A. and the international drug trade (bedfellows since the dawn of the C.I.A.'s involvement in Thailand, in the early 1950s). Nugan Hand's business was almost exclusively criminal. Yet its president was a retired U.S. admiral. Its legal counsel was former C.I.A. director William Colby. Walter McDonald, a former deputy director of the C.I.A., was consultant. Guy Pauker, adviser to Henry Kissinger and Zbigniew Brzezinski, also advised Frank Nugan and Michael Hand. When police in Hong Kong tried to investigate Nugan Hand's drug-trade involvement, they were refused cooperation by the U.S. government. Andrew Lowe, a "commodities" trader on the Nugan Hand staff, was in reality one of Australia's biggest heroin importers.

It was Kissinger's adviser, Guy Pauker, who attempted to justify military and government corruption. Addressing Nugan Hand executives in 1979, unaware that he was being secretly taped, Pauker said, "I cannot expect a man who has served his country for thirty years and more, who has risen to the rank of general officer, or an admiral, or an air marshall, to live like a coolie." He went on to speak of "a system of *extra budgetary revenue*" (the italics are Kwitny's). "This is not visible to the naked eye, but the pattern is a well-understood one, and a fairly orderly one."

The unanswered questions with which the book ends are just that—a list of fifty-seven of them. Before his book was published, Kwitny provided the Senate Intelligence Committee with the list. Robert Simmons, chief counsel to the committee, subsequently thanked him and praised the list as "extremely valuable." Kwitny's list, Simmons said, served as the basis for closed-door testimony the committee took from Director of Central Intelligence William Casey and others. "Unfortunately," Simmons told Kwitny, "the answers can never be made known to you."

Nor to us, whom the keepers of secrets supposedly serve. But, of course, the irony of the matter is that we, as a people, do not really care. We do not like this sort of puzzle. It is much too complicated, and presents us with more puzzles still. We want tidy answers, whether they are true or not. Tales of Jim and Jessica, Gary and Donna, claim our greatest interest, because they are simple. But the intricate affairs that enshroud the world do not, because they are not. That is why, sad to say, books such as this do not shake us, and it is why the Nugans and Hands and Colbys are able to carry on their business as they do. Overlooked amid the soap operas that grab the headlines of the day, their immense crimes are rendered "permissible," because they are not easily comprehended by the world that is their ultimate victim. Be that as it may, *The Crimes of Patriots* is a work of comprehension as well as of mystery; those of us who read it and those who do not are alike in Kwitny's debt. □

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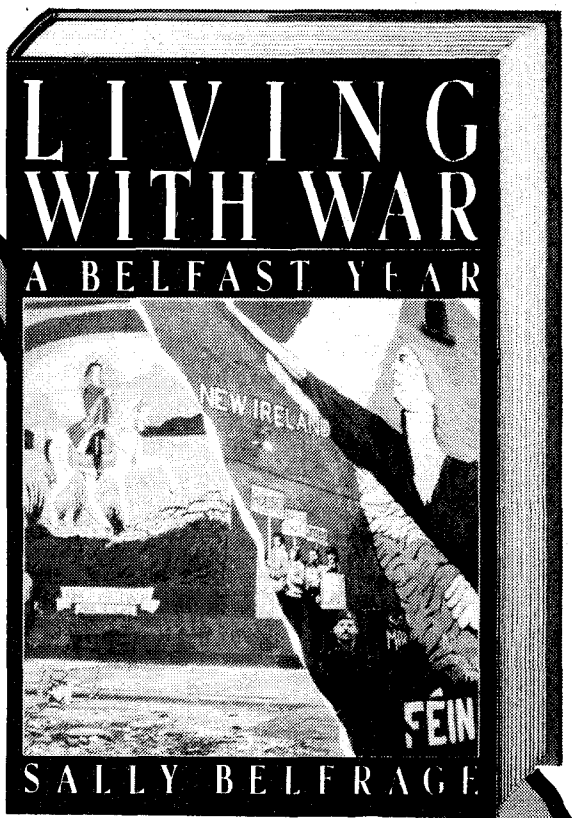

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ART.

ARTHUR C. DANTO

The Hudson River School

It is a truth rarely in need of mention that works of art have an identity as material objects—that they are made of paint and bronze and cloth and wood. In recent times, to be sure, substance has asserted itself as subject, so that works of visual art often refer internally to the material conditions of their realization, and are about what they are made of. It would be false to ascribe so contemporary an aesthetic to the paintings of the Hudson River School, as it was somewhat derisively labeled, but it is also impossible not to be struck by their status as furniture—as objects of interior decoration that summon up the other components of domestic embellishment with which they converse in the plush language of comfort. With their oleaginous and varnished surfaces, as glowing as buffed mahogany, their heavily carved and gilded frames, their academic authority, their opulence verging at times on corpulence, these paintings surround themselves with tacit parlors and salons. They belong in the company of stuffed and tufted ottomans and Turkish carpets, of ormolu hardware and brass lamps, of fringed burgundy velvet and luminous damask, and rosewood pianofortes or elaborately fretted harmoniums on which accomplished daughters or young wives fingered hymns or songs of sweet melancholy concerning lost or distant loves. The scenes these paintings represent occupy those rooms of reassuringly thick prosperity like thought-balloons, indoor embodiments of outdoor realities that correspond, in every spiritual particular, to the spaces in which they are suspended. The outdoors shows God's grace shed upon the American landscape as the indoors reflects that same grace bestowed in the medium of material success. As scenes and things at once, the Hudson River paintings communicate a double affirmation of divine blessing. They constitute the American wing of the Protestant ethic, given cultural expression. They radiate self-congratulation and an almost cosmic complacency.

Writing of Claude Lorraine, an artist against whom the Hudson River painters measured themselves on their excursions abroad, Roger Fry said, "Claude's view of landscape is false to nature in that it is entirely anthropocentric. His trees exist for pleasant shade; his peasants to give us the illusion of pastoral life, not to toil for a living. His world is not to be lived in, only to be looked at in a mood of pleasing melancholy or suave revery." But I wonder if there ever was a form of landscape painting that is not "false" in this sense. The landscapes we represent are in effect texts in which our feelings and beliefs about nature, and hence about ourselves as inside and outside nature, are inscribed. According to Wen Fong, *Travelers in a Wintry Forest*, a twelfth-century Chinese painting after Li Ch'eng, transmits the proposition that "recluse scholars living in the mountains have rediscovered in nature a moral order lost in the human world." No such contrast is pointed in the Hudson River paintings, of course, because the natural and the social order for them were one—two modalities of divine presence in American reality. Through the metaphysical window of an oil painting its owner could see the face of God and almost hear the voice of God in the cataracts and echoing precipices of Catskill Mountain scenery. In an odd way, the paintings, in bringing God into the living rooms of the land, have almost the sacred office of religious icons. It says a great deal about the American mind in the early mid-nineteenth century that religious art took the form of landscapes that were Edenic, majestic, gorgeous and bombastic, rather than historical scenes of biblical enactment. It says a great deal as well about the mirror function of landscape painting that the transfigurative vistas of the Hudson River painters gave way, after the Civil War, to something more intimate and less awesome—to farms, for example, where sunsets mean the end of the day's labor, as the workman trudges homeward through diffuse illumination, rather than extravagant timberlands above which God addresses the nation through spectacular cloud formations flamboyantly lit up with cadmium reds and oranges.

These were works of high Romanticism, illustrations, so to speak, of texts such as Coleridge's "Frost at Midnight":

> By lakes and sandy shores, beneath
> the crags
> Of ancient mountain, and beneath
> the clouds,
> Which image in their bulk both lakes
> and shores
> And mountain crags: so shalt thou

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see and hear
The lovely shapes and sounds
intelligible
Of that eternal language, which thy
God
Utters.

"The true province of landscape art," wrote Asher B. Durand, who was the leader of this school after the death of its founder, Thomas Cole, and in any case perhaps the paradigmatic Hudson River painter, "is the work of God in the visible creation, independent of man." Earlier he had written, "The external appearance of this our dwelling place is fraught with lessons of high and holy meaning, only surpassed by the light of Revelation." The crowds surging through the American Wing of New York City's Metropolitan Museum of Art to admire the marvelous and timely exhibition (until January 3) of Hudson River art, are no doubt gripped by its visions of natural beauty in sites not greatly altered today, despite Grossinger's and Lake George Village. Still, one misses the point if one sees these paintings only or even chiefly as transcriptions after nature. They are, with qualification, incidentally that. It is not altogether wrong to say, as John K. Howat, the curator of the show does in an interview in *The New York Times*, that "You can practically smell the light." The illusion of transcriptional exactitude was only a means to an end. The end was to have been a work "imbued," according to Durand, "with that indefinable quality recognized as sentiment or expression which distinguishes the true landscape from the mere sensual and striking picture." That is a beautiful formulation of a distinction between a visual text and a mere picture, and it is my sense that the message that this is God's country must still come through to an audience still responsive to the sentimental assurances of "divine visual language." It is a message transmitted in the vocabulary of waterfalls and rushing streams, storm clouds and florid dawns, massed foliage and blasted tree trunks. It is this, I think, that must explain the popularity of the show rather than the message Howat believes the paintings communicate to us: "The natural environment is something we have to preserve."

It was the unmistakable rhetoric of these landscapes that caused a later generation of American artists to turn their back on a style that to them rang false in a different sense of the term than Roger Fry's. The American Pre-Raphaelites, who drew their artistic agenda from Ruskin's philosophy of "truth to Nature," dismissed these paintings exactly in the name of truth, and it is their insistent edification, their almost sermonic elevatedness, that makes some of us uncomfortable today. They were very good painters, many of them, but there is something of the PTL ministry in their aggregate material optimism that makes one wince—makes one want to find falsity in their works in the way one is grateful to find moral sleaziness in the television evangelists.

Consider *Kindred Spirits*, a famous memorial to Thomas Cole executed the year after Cole's death by Asher Durand. It shows two men in a characteristic Catskill landscape—the poet William Cullen Bryant and Cole himself. Bryant's head is uncovered, surely in a gesture of reverence before the scenery being displayed by Cole. The scene itself is composed of two sites, perhaps as famous as the two men themselves: Kaaterskill Falls and the Kauterskill Clove—a dramatic gorge which was, together with the falls, a favored motif. Now it is altogether possible that Cole and Bryant stood upon that cantilevered rock. But it is not at all possible that they could have seen Kaaterskill Falls and the Kauterskill Clove when they did so, for a perspective in which the two could be seen together is, as Barbara Buff writes, "geologically impossible." I am uncertain as to how this objective falsehood is to be interpreted. Cole himself had written, "The most lovely and perfect parts of Nature may be brought together, and combined in a whole that shall surpass in beauty and effect any picture painted from a single view." It would be anachronistic to imagine Cole depicted as pointing to an impossible conjunction as a tribute to his philosophy of art—*Kindred Spirits* would in that case prefigure Cubism. Rather, I think, the painting carries forward Cole's view that it is all right, even necessary, to falsify observed nature in the name of some higher truth. And Durand's tribute does aim at some higher truth, at the cost of falsehood before which, as Cole put it, "Time [would] draw a veil over the common details." Cole is pointing perhaps to two birds, soaring in the sublimity of God's fearful space, as metaphors, maybe, for poetic and painterly vision taking wing over mere detail. Durand thought of himself as rendering things as they are, but it remained consistent with his enterprise to regiment

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and rearrange visual detail in the interests of some spiritually convincing message. The rhetoric was too clamorous to fade when it no longer communicated to an audience willing to believe in it, and the veil of time made it, rather than the common details, what one finally saw. The Pre-Raphaelites turned from such work with a kind of moral revulsion. For them it became enough to paint a single twig, a pair of acorns, a nest of eggs or just one flower with botanical propriety.

The expression "divine visual language" comes from the great essay on vision by Bishop George Berkeley, and I derive a certain satisfaction from the fact that one of the later members of the Hudson River School, Worthington Whittredge, should have painted *Second Beach, Newport* at Newport, Rhode Island, with the famous Hanging Rocks that students of the history of philosophy will identify as the site where Berkeley's *Alciphron* is set. Berkeley had come to Newport for complicated and improbable reasons, and his former house stands today not far from the Hanging Rocks. Worthington has composed a horizontal and rather soft meditative picture, suitable to the circumstance—that what had once been the scene of theological speculation had become a place of recreation. It is instructive to compare the language God spoke in Rhode Island in 1732 with that which He spoke in New York in 1849. For Berkeley, God "daily speaks to our senses in a manifest and clear dialect." By this Berkeley meant that the sensed qualities of things are signs for other qualities as yet unsensed, and that in learning to read what Durand later called "the great book of nature" we come to learn which things are good for us and which we must avoid. Berkeley saw the world as a textbook of useful instructions. Durand saw it as a set of romantic engravings for an inspirational epic. By Durand's time, God was no longer in the things we sense daily, but spoke out only to those prepared to visit wild sublime formations. So the Hudson River artist sought out the most dramatic lo-

CHILD ON THE MARSH

I worked the river banks, grabbling
in blind mud holes beneath tree roots.
You'd think it would be dangerous,
but I never came up with a cooter
or cottonmouth hung on my fingers.
Occasionally, though, I leapt up with
my fingers hooked through the red gills
of a mudcat. And then I thrilled
the thrill my father felt when he
burst home from fishing, drunk, and yelled,
well before dawn, *Wake up! Come here!*
He tossed some fatwood on the fire
and flames raged hellishly. He held
a four-foot mudcat. *I caught it!*
he yelled. *I caught this monster!* At first,
dream-dazed, I thought it was something
he'd saved us from. It dragged the floor,
its whiskers coiling on the rug.
Flames flickered. By firelight, the fish
gleamed wickedly. But father laughed
and hugged us all, pressing my head
against his coat, which stank, and glittered
where dried scales caught the light. For breakfast,
he fried great chunks of fish, the whole
house glorious for days with their
rich stink. A scale stuck to my face,
and as we ate he blinked until
he understood what made me glitter.
He laughed, reached over, flicked the milk-
white star off of my face. That's how
I felt—that wild!—when I jerked fish
out of the mud and held them up,
long muscles shuddering in my hand.
Once, grabbling, I got lost. I traced
the river to the marsh, absorbed
with fishing, then absorbed with tribes
of ants. With a flat piece of bark
I'd scoop red ants and shovel them
on black ant hills. I'd watch their war.
Then I'd toss black ants on a red
ant hill to see what difference that
would make. Then back to grabbling,
then skimming stones. Before I knew it,
I'd worked my way from fresh water to salt,
and I was lost. Sawgrass waved, swayed,
and swung above my head. Pushed down,
it sprang back. Slashed at, it slashed back.
All I could see was sawgrass. Where was
the sea, where land? You have to walk
slowly. Run, and sawgrass will slice
your flesh to ribbons. With every step,
the mud sucked at my feet with gasps
and sobs that came so close to speech
I sang in harmony with them.
My footprints filled with brine as I
walked on, still fascinated with
the hover bees, the burrow bees,
and, God forgive me, I was not
afraid of anything. Not like
when I saw my granddaddy pry
his false teeth from his mouth: I spit up.
Lost in sawgrass, I knew, for sure,
nothing but up and down. They were
almost enough. They are, since then,
the only things I have much faith in.
Night fell. The slow moon rose from sawgrass.
Not too much later, I heard cries
and answered them. So I was saved
from things I didn't want to be
saved from. *Zip! Zip!* Ma tested her
green switch, then lay it on my thighs
—oh, maybe twice—before she fell,
in tears, across my neck. She sobbed
and combed my hair of cockleburs.
She laughed as she dabbed alcohol
into my cuts. I flinched. She chuckled.
And even as a child, I heard,
inside her sobs and chuckling,
the lovely sucking sound of earth
that followed me, gasped, called my name
as I stomped in the mud, wrenched free,
and heard the earth's voice under me.

Andrew Hudgins

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cations—the most stupefying heights and vistas, rendering the American landscape in the idiom of glory and power. It was his missionary undertaking to bring this terrifying beauty back in the form of engravings or chromolithographs—or to those who could afford them, paintings of an increasing dimension and grandeur—for the exaltation of patriots who saw in the effusions of a prodigal nature the greatness of American destiny.

Whittredge's *Second Beach, Newport* was done in 1878-80, and its quietness is almost shattering. One has the sense that God withdrew from the Catskills, and that artists had to travel to further and more inaccessible places to hear His voice at all. Paintings grew larger and larger, as if turning up the volume to catch the fading voice diminishing in the whirlwinds. The works of Church and Bierstadt impress us as having increased the scale in order to compensate for reluctant credibilities. Viewers must increasingly have had the sense that they were being manipulated, marvelous as the painting often was. After all, it was in the highest, most glacial mountaintops that Nietzsche proclaimed the death of God in 1883 through the persona of Zarathustra. It is very touching that the seashore Whittredge painted shows holiday-makers wading in gentle tides, washing quietly over the curved shore, with the Hanging Rocks as a brooding presence to which their backs are turned. The sky is cheery and the clouds are soft presences rather than heavenly syllables. God has quite withdrawn from Newport, as He quite withdrew from American landscapes when the paintings of the Hudson River School subsided into furniture and became all but forgotten.

There would be a kind of justice if these painters, nearly inaccessible to us through collisions in taste, should have a second life as reminders of the natural realities we visit today for the foliage and the waters. And there would be an irony if the strident natural theology were really made invisible and we should see in the works a world no longer powerful but at our mercy—up to us to defend and preserve rather than be thrilled by. But I doubt this is the message that comes through. Natural piety has not for some time been an available virtue for sophisticated sensibilities. But the artists of the Hudson River School were not painting for moral minimalists. There are those, of course, defined by formalist aesthetics, who are deaf to the tones of prayer in these works and see them simply in terms of spatialities and scales later taken up in New York painting. But for me, as for the enthusiastic visitors to the Met these days, these paintings belong to that genre of American overstatement de Tocqueville identified as the other face of the practicality that defines us as a people. It is how we respond to that overstatement that determines what these paintings mean to us today. □

MUSIC.

EDWARD W. SAID

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certs and lectures manager, Hilde Limondjian, this was the third such screening in New York since Gould's death in October 1982. Judging by the healthy turnout, Gould remains a compellingly attractive figure. He was that almost impossible creature, both a pianist of staggering talent and a man of effortlessly articulate opinions, some so arguable as to seem merely quirky, others profoundly insightful and intelligent. His work invariably offers musical and intellectual satisfactions encountered in the performances of no other contemporary musician.

The Met screenings began with performances recorded by Gould as a very young man in the middle 1950s; they ended with the last film he made, his 1981 performance of the *Goldberg Variations*, subsequently released as a record. The selections presented were mainly of Bach and Beethoven solo and ensemble works, and with the exception of a spectacularly, relentlessly, sadistically boring massacre of a Mozart sonata (K. 333), all the performances showed off Gould to great advantage. (I am now convinced that aside from the concerti, most of Mozart's piano works are fundamentally unplayable; Gould succeeded in demonstrating that point by the way he interpreted the sonatas throughout his career.)

There is an estimable mixture of eccentricity and surprise to be enjoyed in Gould's playing: he could always be depended on to do *something* in a performance that would make it completely unusual. The earliest of the films, a 1954 CBC broadcast of the first movement of the first Beethoven concerto, contains a dazzling cadenza by Gould in the form of a complex four-part fugue based on part of the movement's main theme. Beethoven, of course, provided cadenzas for the concerti; Gould, in a characteristic act of lese majesty, inserts his own. Two back-to-back performances of Sergei Prokofiev's 7th Sonata, from 1961 and 1976, show totally different conceptions of the pieces, the first startlingly lyrical and expansive, the second (which comprised only the opening movement) brittle and tense, with a nervousness of attack much more characteristic of Gould's mature style.

In spite of his flamboyance, Gould also seems to have been a perfect chamber musician, effortlessly accommodating himself to other ensemble players (as he does in the Shostakovich Quintet) or matching soloists in perfectly scaled virtuosity and sheer professional skill. Particularly notable are his performances of Beethoven's A major Cello Sonata with Leonard Rose, and a set of somewhat uneasy but always interesting traversals with Yehudi Menuhin of Bach's C minor Violin Sonata, Schoenberg's Violin and Piano *Fantasy* (a late and tremendously complex work played rather anxiously and unwillingly by Menuhin and with great authority and passion by Gould, who had the piece committed to his apparently flawless memory) and Beethoven's late middle-period G major Sonata, Opus 96, one of Menuhin's specialties. To the best of my knowledge none of the music from these videotapes was ever released on disc (although Gould did record the *Fantasy* in 1964 with Israel Baker).

Yet the most riveting part of these eight films was Gould's performance of contrapuntal pieces and variations. One hour-long program devoted to the fugue comprised selections from Bach's *Well Tempered Clavier*, the last movement of Beethoven's Sonata in A flat major (Op. 110) and a daemonic rendition of the last movement of Paul Hindemith's Sonata No. 3, a fine piece hardly ever played in concert today because of the intellectual cowardice of most contemporary musicians. The program of variations climaxed with performances of Webern's *Variations* and Beethoven's Sonata in E major (Op. 109). Gould linked the two by a brilliant highlighting of the structural finesse and expressive detail in both works—a considerable achievement, since the pieces are written out of diametrically opposed aesthetics, one exfoliative and elaborate, the other concentrated and crabbed. The program also included a severely restrained performance of a Sweelinck organ Fantasy, which I first heard during a Gould recital in 1959 or 1960. I was struck then, and again watching the film, by the way Gould could disappear as a performer into the work's long complications, providing an instance of what he called "ecstasy," the state of standing outside time and within an integral artistic structure.

By far the most moving and affecting of the films was director Bruno Monsaingeon's record of Gould speaking about and then playing the *Goldberg Variations*. Here, Gould is no longer the lean and youthfully eager intellectual, the caustic wit who could say of Beethoven that he was always going to meet his destiny at the next modulation. He

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has now become a pot-bellied, bald and somewhat mournful middle-aged aesthete whose jowly face and slightly decadent lips suggest too many rich meals. Even his fingers, which have retained their fabulously efficient elegance and economy, are now evidently older, more worldly. And indeed Gould's performance of these thirty extraordinary pieces has acquired layers of sophistication and cleverness, in added ornaments, in oddly varied and usually slower tempi, in surprising repetitions, in more sharply inflected lines—for example, the heavily strummed base line in variation one, or the underlinings of the theme in Bach's unison canon in variation three.

This is one of the few films I've seen of Gould which is in color and quite obviously the work of a filmmaker, not simply a TV cameraman. Its autumnal hues are made sadder by the realization that this was to be Gould's last performance of the work that first brought him widespread attention. I was told last year by Professor Geoffrey Payzant of Toronto University (a philosopher whose excellent 1978 book *Glenn Gould, Music and Mind* is the only work on the pianist to begin to do him justice) that Monsaingeon has a cache of fifty-two hour-long films of Gould performances that he has tried unsuccessfully to sell to TV companies in Europe and the United States. In spite of the stations' indifference, I think Monsaingeon was right to want so singlemindedly to film Gould at work—the man was, quite literally, a full-scale cultural enterprise.

None of the remarkable things that Gould did, however, would have been possible without a truly rare digital mechanism that easily rivals those of legendary technicians like Horowitz, Bolet or Michelangeli. Gould always seemed to achieve a seamless unity between his fingers, the piano and the music he was playing, one extending into the other until the three became indistinguishable. It was as if Gould's virtuosity finally derived its fluency from the piece and not from a residue of technical athleticism built up independently over the years. Pollini has something of this quality, but it is the wonderfully intelligent exercise of his fingers in polyphonic music that separates Gould from every other pianist. Only a great Bach organist communicates in the same way.

But the most interesting thing about Gould, as Monsaingeon saw, is the way he constantly overstepped boundaries and burst confining restraints. Last year Monsaingeon published a book in France called *Glenn Gould: Non, je ne suis pas du tout un excentrique*, whose last section is a "video montage" of the pianist being interviewed by five critics after his death: clearly Monsaingeon sees him as a man for whom ordinary mortality was no limit at all. And Gould certainly cultivated this notion in his audience. Not only was it clear that he could, and did, command the entire range of Western music from the Renaissance until the present—there are instances in the films of Gould talking about a series of musical examples and then turning to the piano to illustrate them from memory—he also could do with that music what he liked.

Most good musicians do have at their fingertips, or lips, a lot more music than they perform in public. Memory is part of the gift every performer carries within. Yet we normally see performances only on the stage, in a program. Gould went to very great lengths after he left the concert stage in 1964 to communicate his diverse talents to a wide audience, spilling out his knowledge, his articulate analyses and his prodigious technical facility well beyond the concert experience. Thus in addition to performing for the camera, Gould wrote dozens of articles; he produced, wrote and directed radio scripts; he interviewed people; he did television work; and, of course, he continued to produce records. And whenever he seemed to have settled into a niche, say, as a Bach pianist, he would up and record Wagner transcriptions, or the Grieg sonata—repertory that could not have been more unexpected.

Gould had a rare and astonishing talent for doing one thing brilliantly and suggesting that he was doing something else too. Hence his predilection for contrapuntal or variational forms or, on a slightly different level, his habit of playing the piano and conducting and singing, or his way of being able to quote both musically and intellectually more or less anything at any time. In a sense, Gould was gradually moving toward a kind of untheatrical and anti-aesthetic *Gesamtkunstwerk*, or universal artwork, a description which sounds ludicrous and contradictory. I am not sure how deliberately he was trying to achieve this, or how conscious he was of Rimbaud's *déracinement du sens* as an aesthetic project. But those are the ideas that seem to me best to sum up the disturbing and yet attractive postmodern qualities of Gould's highly unusual enterprise. □

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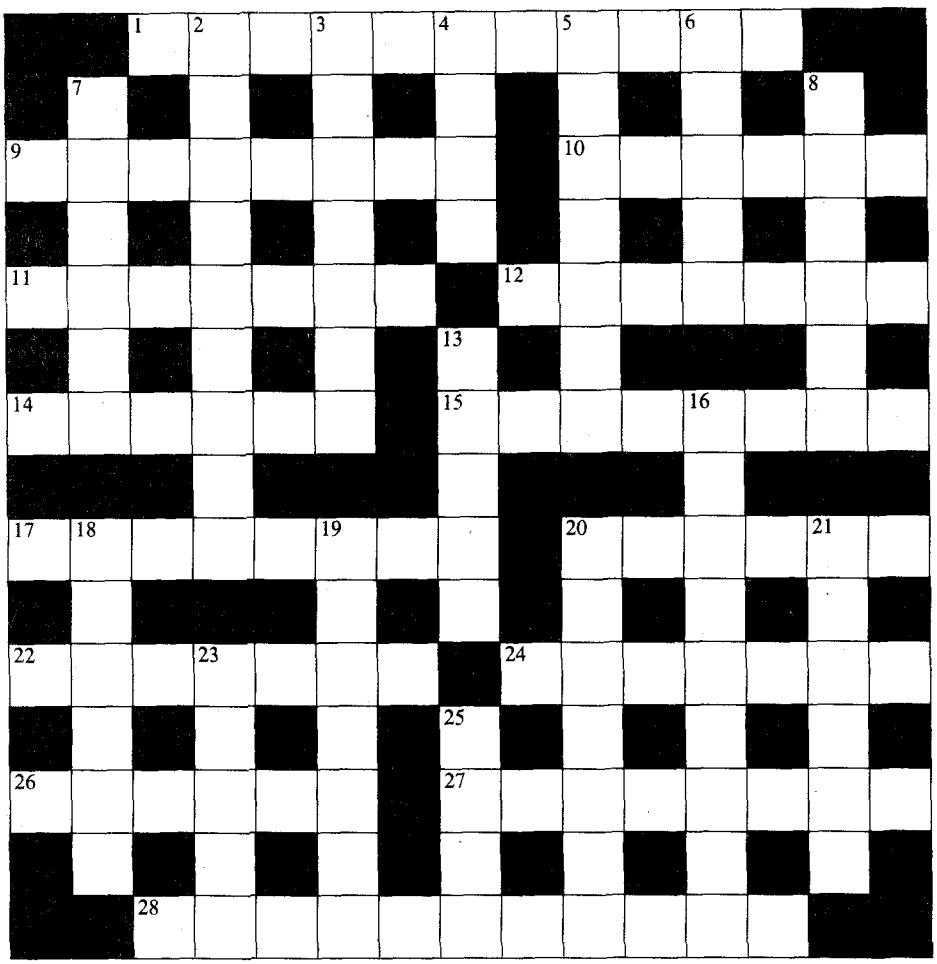

ACROSS

1 What might have played "Rock of Ages" when the call was made to do this? (7,4)
9 Ben's goat is wild, in place of a critical stand during wartime. (8)
10 See 4 down
11 Walked in Laredo, particularly. (7)
12 Those who make a small grimace while arranging for your cabins? (7)
14 What's left after burning wood and metal, where the landing ends? (6)
15 Look, an object of intense aversion! (8)
17 Mural presentations count overseas, and suit one, perhaps. (8)
20 One might be the index or possibly a ring, if in Germany to present it. (6)
22 One assisting the bearer, perhaps. (7)
24 Sometimes considered just like ice cream, for example. (7)
26 Does one counsel people at the top? (6)
27 Find us trying to present trade or manufacture, for example? (8)
28 See 13 down

DOWN

2 Is one who makes a wager not on to it, being somewhat more affluent? (6,3)
3 Perhaps an old-fashioned garment is close to old-fashioned neckwear. (7)
4 and 10 across The last word in radio communication, perhaps. (4,3,3)
5 Is St. Paul a somewhat unusual kitchen aid? (7)
6 27 effortlessly displays this flower. (5)
7 and 19 A classic, first improperly set and finally difficult for nine. (6,7)
8 Go faster, but become exhausted with the parts reversed. (6)
13 and 28 across Bring in the medical supply by air? It might be a real nuisance! (3,2,3,8)
16 What's that pole in the clothes closet for? To put this—with those that depend on others. (7-2)
18 One from Oakland finds the air bad and the color rising. (6)
19 See 7
20 Allowed to be a ringer in song, but a famous river rises from the surroundings. (7)
21 Is the whole tree in decay? (6)
23 Put a hundred in with one who might have had an early trial here. (5)
25 If this goes off, it's equivalent to 4 and 10. (You usually use your own name if you do.) (4)

PUZZLED?

No more cross words. If you don't see why "Lures" are "Ground Rules," send for those of Mr. Lewis to *The Nation*, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

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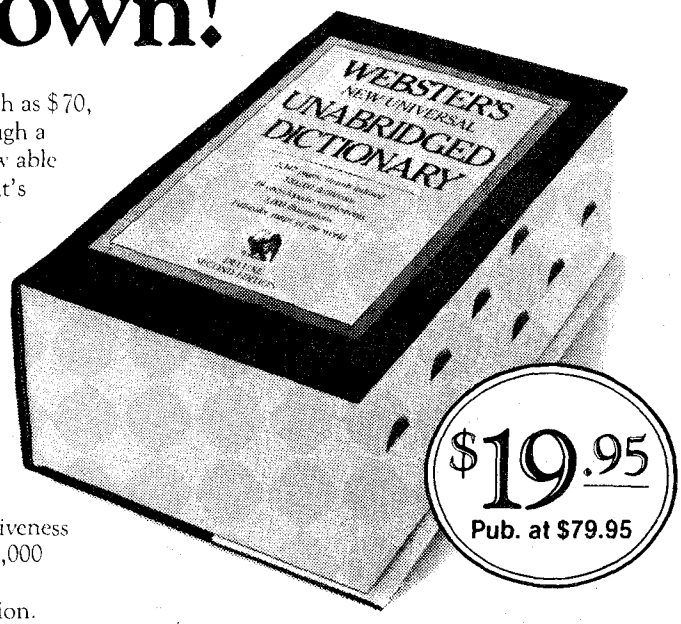

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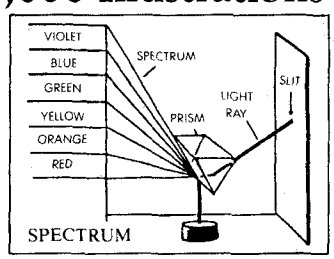

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